

LIFE



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MAY 13, 1946

10

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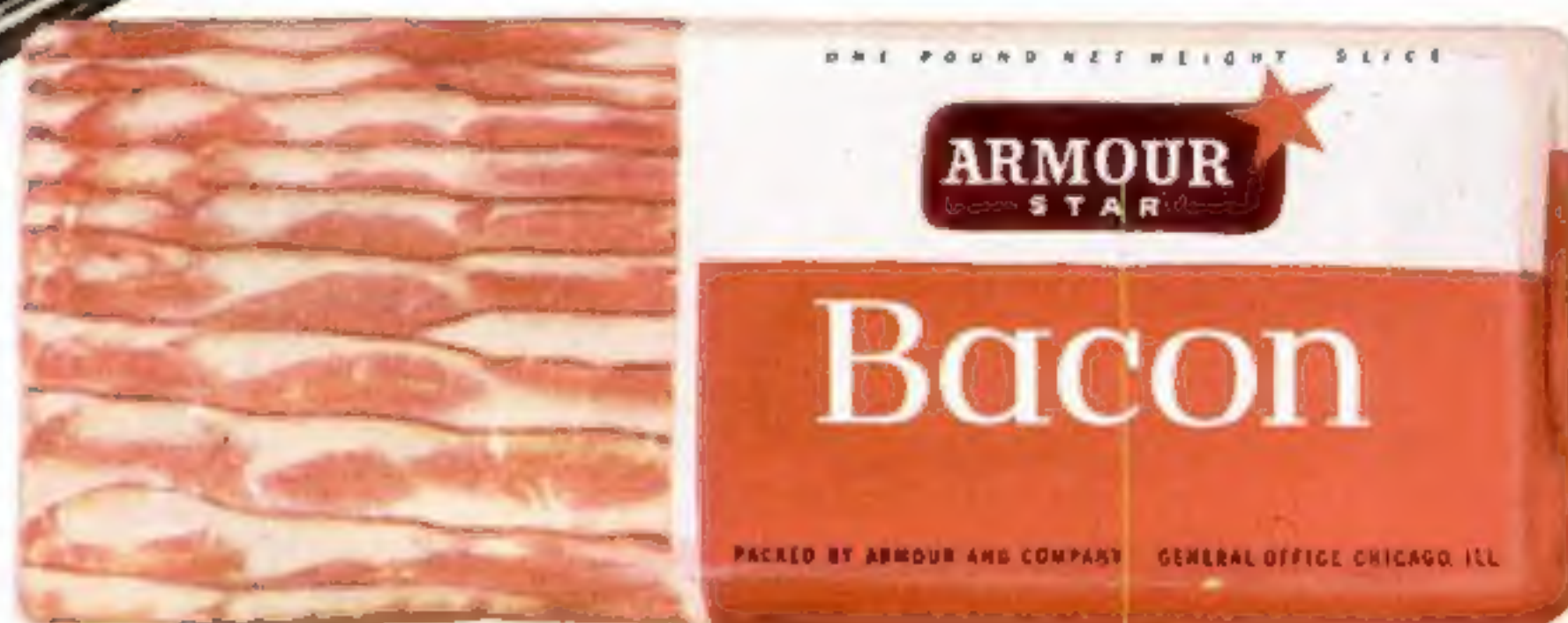
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PUBLISHER
Andrew Heiskell
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
Shepard Spink

LIFE is published weekly by Time Inc.
at 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago 16,
Illinois. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as
second-class matter November 16, 1936
at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois,
under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered
as second-class matter at the Post Office
Department, Ottawa, Canada.

Subscription rates: U. S. and Possessions, 1
yr., \$1.50; 2 yrs., \$3.50; 3 yrs., \$12.50;
Canada, 1 yr., \$5.00; 2 yrs., \$10.00; 3
yrs., \$13.75 (Canadian funds); countries
in Pan American Union, 1 yr., \$5.00;
elsewhere, 1 yr., \$10.00. Special rates
for members of the Armed Forces: 1 yr.,
\$1.50; 2 yrs., \$3.00; 3 yrs., \$9.00. Special
rate for recently discharged members of
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LIFE
May 13, 1946

Volume 20
Number 19

"Take it from me, sis, Pops is tops!"



BOBBY knows that Pop never for-
gets the importance of little things . . .
like the right present for a young man's
birthday. But Bobby doesn't know that
once Pop almost forgot a big thing . . . a
mighty important thing that could have
made Bobby very unhappy later on.

An easy spender, Pop had always
talked about the future in vague terms.
He lived for today, letting tomorrow
take care of itself.

Then one day Pop read a magazine
article that struck home. It was about
Social Security, and it showed that if
something happened to him, Bobby's
mother would receive hardly enough

to cover her minimum living expenses.
He also realized that Social Security
would never provide the kind of re-
tirement he had always dreamed about.

Thoroughly concerned, Pop invited
a Mutual Life Representative to talk
over the whole matter. Through
Mutual Life's "Insured Income" Serv-
ice they worked out a program in
which Social Security and modern Life
Insurance team up to safeguard the
future . . . to assure Pop and his family
the comforts of life in years to come.

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UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON COED SUE ANDERSON WATER-SKIS IN WHITE WOOL SUIT ON LAKE WASHINGTON

Life Takes a Fashion Trip to the Pacific Northwest

Eastern designers fly across U.S. and discover a new vacation land

People of the Pacific Northwest often talk like travel advertisements. They declaim about the snow-capped mountains (14,408 feet high), great stretches of shore line (over 3,000 miles), fish-filled waters (bass, trout, salmon), duck-filled marshes (22 varieties) and the ineffable air (a blend of sea, mountain and forest). This year there is a special point to the Northwest's honest bragging. Americans are going to be traveling within the U.S. and the Northwest expects to attract them by the thousands.

Since in the minds of American women vacations and clothes are one and indivisible, Seattle's leading department store, Frederick and Nelson, spent \$50,000 on a flying fashion trip to the Northwest. In a specially chartered plane 30 leading New York fashion designers and reporters were flown across the continent to spend a long weekend in Washington state. With them were two models, Kit Carson and Joan Pettit, who dressed for each occasion in suitable Frederick and Nelson clothes.

The clothes were not startling to the fashion experts but the Northwest was. The boast that almost all outdoor sports flourish there almost all the year round was made good when, on successive days, girls gave exhibitions of snow skiing, a winter sport, and water skiing, a summer sport. The goggle-eyed guests flew home feeling like latter-day Lewises and Clarks who had come upon a wonderful new land.



SOCKEYE SALMON from Puget Sound and Chinook from Columbia River are rich and juicy. Girls in simple dress and shorts outfit watch an expert smoke them.



SAILING is a year-round sport in Puget Sound and Lake Washington, near Seattle. Waters are smooth and steady wind blows. Joan wears clamdiggers and plaid box coat.



SKIING in the state of Washington is good usually through mid-July on higher altitudes of Mt. Rainier and Mt. Baker. From April to July girls ski in sweaters and shorts,

like those Kit wears. The Summit at Snoqualmie Pass on slopes of the Cascade Mountains (*above*), which is only about an hour's drive from Seattle, has snow through May.



FOR RIDING, Washington not only has many trails through deep woods but stretches of gravelly prairies where the trails are never muddy or swampy, even

when it rains. Kit (above left) on a Palomino gelding and Joan on a Pinto stallion wear Western frontier pants with matching shirts of wool and white Stetson hats.



GOLF can be played year round except when it rains hard which, in December, is very often. Joan wears plaid skirt with a blue shirt; Kit a gray skirt and jacket.



HUNTERS can find pheasant, grouse, quail in the northeastern uplands and duck in the marshy lowlands. Kit and Joan are decked out in blue jeans and red hats.



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LIFE'S PICTURES

LIFE Photographer George Silk rode into the city of Hengyang in China's Hunan province perched on the side of a truck. There he took pictures of China's great famine shown on pages 29 to 35. The people of Hengyang, who were apathetic to the suffering around them, were fascinated by his camera. A native of New Zealand, Silk, at 28, has covered both the European and the Far Eastern fronts for LIFE.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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ABBREVIATIONS EXC., EXCEPT RT., RIGHT; T., TOP; A.P., ASSOCIATED PRESS; G.M., GRAPHIC HOUSE; INT., INTERNATIONAL; M.G.M., METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



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are on
Kayser slips

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SOLE FOOD FOR THIS CHINESE FAMILY IS IN BASKET: RICE HUSKS, WEEDS AND ORDINARY CLAY FOR FILLER

CHINA FAMINE

MILLIONS ARE STARVING IN THE ONCE-RICH "RICE-BOWL"

Famine, like a three-headed beast, today stalks China. The ugliness of drought, starvation and war's aftermath rears over her richest lands. Her patient people, long inured to suffering, are starving by the million because there is not enough food. Hunan province, once so rich with green fields of growing rice that it was called "China's rice bowl," is now her most devastated area. Hunan's fields are seared dead by drought. All but a few of her railroad bridges are rubble, having been blown up to retard the Japanese. An estimated 10,000,000 of Hunan's 27,000,000 people rely for sustenance on a diet (above) of green weeds, rice husks, grasses and ordinary clay which they call "Goddess of

Mercy." The precinct leader of the small Hunan village of Chi Ho told LIFE Correspondent William Gray, "The clay adds bulk to the weeds and rice husks and makes their meal more heavy." But no matter what the Chinese add to their poor food they do not magically change it into rice. And that is China's greatest trial, for normally rice forms up to 70% of her people's daily diet.

From the Great Wall to French Indo-China, wherever Chinese lands were gripped by occupying Japanese, the story is virtually the same as in Chi Ho, which had a population of 140 people two months ago and now has only 80 left. Of the remainder, 30 died from starvation and 30 went to

the neighboring city of Hengyang, 12 miles distant, to beg in the streets.

The grim facts of China's famine are like an idiot's tale that has suddenly taken on terrible meaning. Because the land is ruined there is not enough rice in China; and because the Japanese killed the water buffalo that pulled the plows, the farmers themselves must now pull the plows or turn the land by hand; and because half-starved men cannot do such heavy work, two thirds of China's rice fields in parts of Hunan are untilled; and because the land is untilled there is not enough rice. What happens to China when there is not enough rice is shown on the following pages.

NOTICE TO READERS

This issue of LIFE is smaller than normal in number of pages and of copies printed. It was cut from usual size when the Chicago power emergency, caused by coal strike, made it impossible to run LIFE's presses at more than a fraction of capacity. Closing of Chicago subscription offices will delay handling LIFE subscription mail.



DRAGGING PLOW through parched paddies, half-starved farmers must take the place of slaughtered water buffalo. Such work would exhaust even well-fed men. After

going home to riceless supper, night after night, they awake one morning too weak to go to bed. Normally paddies would be about six inches under water at plowing time.



STARVED BOY lies unnoticed in Hengyang gutter with clothes pack, chopsticks and empty rice bowl at side.

PEOPLE STARVE IN THE CITY STREETS

Rice is the food that keeps China alive. In an average year in the period between 1935 and 1940, China produced 41,300,000 short tons of milled rice. In the same period she consumed an average 41,700,000 tons. That means in good times she had to import only 400,000 short tons. These she could get easily from nearby Burma, Siam, French Indo-China, Korea and Formosa, all of which were rice exporters. But the devastation war and drought brought to China's great rice bowl also left its bitter mark on other Asiatic lands held by the Japanese. Today only French Indo-China and Siam, of all the lands in Asia, can still be considered to be rice exporters. China's estimated 1945-46 production is now down to 34,000,000 tons and she must import 7,700,000 tons. But there are less than 1,000,000 tons available from Siam and Indo-China. So today China, ordinarily the world's greatest rice producer, must look for her rice to the Western world. In the best times only 4,600,000 tons were produced annually in the rice-producing countries outside the Asiatic mainland. If every person in the U.S. were to stop eating rice for one year, there would still not be enough accumulated to make up China's vast deficit. In the face of these immovable facts the Chinese are learning to eat Western-type foods, which are alien to their appetites. But these, despite good intentions, are coming in dribbles too small to bridge the gap of starvation across China.



DYING TOGETHER in city streets are two miserable children who were unable to get enough food by begging.



WITH EMPTY BOWL a little boy begs for food from passers by. Most child beggars come to city because of

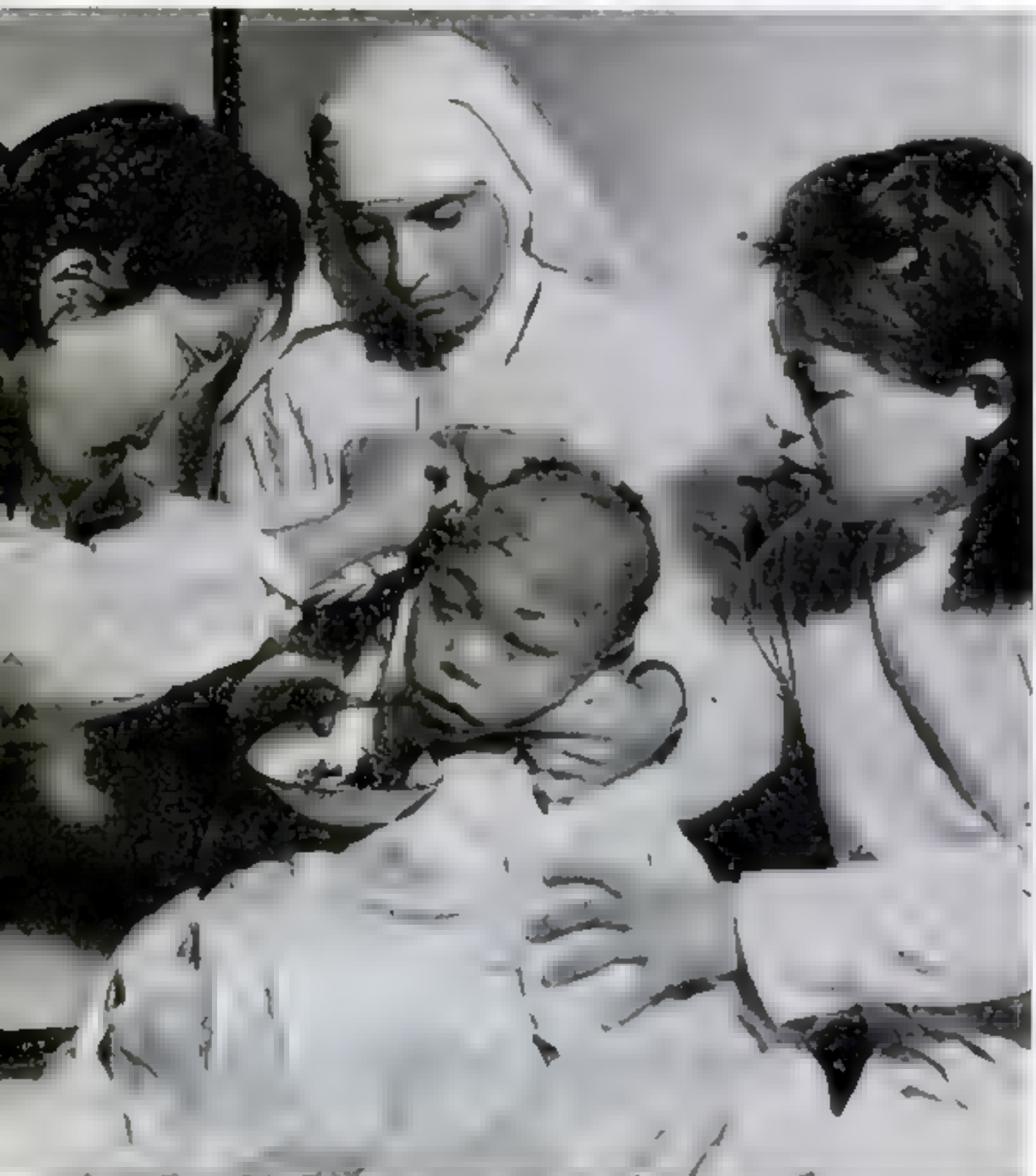
supposed free rice there. On arriving they learn there is not enough for all and usually they die in the streets.



LYING HALF DEAD in Hengyang street, this child was seen by Photographer Silk riding by in a truck. Child's arm rests on pile of useless inflation dollars.



TAKEN TO A MISSION and given a bath in small round tub, the beggar child, an emaciated girl of 15, is afterward put to bed. She is discovered to have temperature of 106°



SISTER LINTAS, a Sarilman nun, and two Chinese nurses shave girl's head next day to treat scabies sores on scalp. She still clutches grumpy dollars in hand.



SIX DAYS LATER beggar girl, who is an orphan, is now happy and well fed as she sits up in bed alongside Sister. She hopes someday to visit America and work for Photographer Silk.

ONLY THE LUCKY OR RICH CAN EAT

Other children in China's cities are not so lucky as the pathetic orphan whose story is told above. The passers-by who had ignored her before as she lay in the street gathered around her when the picture-taking started. Finally a Chinese official, moved by the show of foreign interest in the beggar child, ordered a ricksha to carry her to Hengyang's Catholic

Mission Hospital. But the missions and relief stations cannot care for all children who beg for rice, and most of them are left in the streets to die, often within full sight of black-market rice shops (*see opposite page*) where only the very rich can afford to buy. Only when UNRRA flour or small shipments of legitimate rice arrive do these black-market prices go down.



BEFORE BLACK-MARKET RICE SHOP a rack-
ed boy, who has come to Hengyang to beg, sits at curb-

stone and slowly starves to death. The merchant's well-
fed wife, used to sight of starvation, sits smiling before

her full rice baskets. Rice in such shops costs more than
600 Chinese dollars (a cook's day's wage) per pound.



UNRRA SUPPLIES of powdered milk are carried by ricksha across a rice field. UNRRA officials under um-

brellas behind rickshas come to watch distribution of milk at Hengyang CNRRA orphanage (see bottom pic-

ture). This shipment arrived by plane, was ferried across river and afterward hauled by hand to orphan children.

HER STARVING PEOPLE LOOK TO UNRRA AND MISSIONARIES

The main relief for China's millions comes from UNRRA and its local branch, CNRRA (Chinese National Relief and Rehabilitation Association). Even if enough food could be delivered to China's coast ports, UNRRA would still have a torturous task to carry it inland where China's hunger turns to famine. Years of war have uprooted railroad tracks, smashed the bridges and gutted the roads over which these supplies must travel. The main relief food for China,

a trickle now, is "soft rice," American flour cooked with water, flavored with salt. Only those who have a food card, distributed on the basis of need by local officials, can eat this tasteless gruel which U.S. schoolchildren have long used as homemade paste. The remaining great majority of Chinese stand outside mission gates for a bowlful of flour paste and vegetables, or else they must wait for death, or next year's rice crop or more help from America.



BOWL OF MILK is drunk by orphan boy in courtyard of orphanage. Milk is rare food to China's children.



HE VOMITS even before he finishes bowl because milk is too rich for his stomach and he drank it too fast.



SORROWFUL BOY looks down on rich food gone to waste. UNRRA has to teach children to sip milk slowly.



PRISONERS GATHER AT THE PRISON GATE
WAITING FOR THE TIME TO PLEAD FOR LEFTOVERS

ON THE AIR

HAS RADIO BEEN GIVEN ANOTHER CHANCE TO GIVE THE LISTENER A MUCH-NEEDED BREAK?

The American radio currently presents one of history's most amusing, yet disturbing, instances of mankind's technology getting ahead of its culture. The broadcasting industry stands at the start of a new day of television and frequency modulation and is very proud. In 25 years radio has advanced technically from the cat whisker and crystal to, almost, full-color video. But in the same time it has "progressed" from Graham McNamee to Gabriel Heatter; from phonograph records to phonograph "transcriptions"; from Jack Pearl to Milton Berle. Far from having anything fresh to offer with its new technology, radio is trying to pep up the old stand-bys, hoping they will somehow rise to the new opportunity. So we have the new theater, plush seats, gold curtain, but where is the show?

A Day on the Radio

Since there are 24 hours in a day, four major networks and more than 900 stations, any generality about American radio is subject to specific denial. It is true that virtually every important symphony orchestra in the country is now on the air, that the opera is broadcast and that anybody having an interest in almost any national or international problem can obtain much useful information by selective use of his dial. Some of the best reporting is done by radio newsmen. Scattered sparsely throughout the country are a few radio stations doing a commendable community job. And it is true that there is a certain money-means-nothing lushness about the way the networks buy show-business talent.

But when all this is said on the positive side, just listen to the radio for a single day! One escapes from the workaday world into one of honeyed unreality, in which romance, adventure, gaiety prevail—except that everybody seems to need Old Doctor Hoople-snucker's remedies. It is a painstakingly censored other world, where the most grievous tribulations of men are described by a voice which leaves the implication that all will be well if you but douse your head with Blotz Shampoo. If U.N. fails, try a liver pill.

Our radio day usually starts with an early riser who plays records interspersed with jocular reminders that time and the boss wait not. This is followed by radio dramas, or "soap operas," designed to give the little woman a safe thrill while dusting. In these playlets the solid virtues, with boring regularity, triumph, though not until after the heroine has experienced considerable anguish. Errant husbands, with blithe disregard of the divorce statistics, turn at the crucial moment from the scented temptress to the gal with the apron washed in Sneezo. One difficulty of the drama, of course, is the lack of time. The episode starts with a few grinds of the organ, followed by a long, long plug for the product. Then comes a recapitulation of what happened yesterday. The players have only a few hurried moments in which to advance the plot from parlor sofa to bedroom door. Six reels of the chase but never the kill.

Noontime brings a little break in the way of news, Kate Smith or Mary Margaret McBride. But radio is impatient to get back to the "drammers." The Federal Communications Commis-

sion recently disclosed that the two biggest networks have almost 40 of these shows between them. At one time 55 of the 59½ daytime hours of each week were filled with them. Sometimes there are breaks in the afternoon for OPA plugs, a women's-club talk, a ball game or the like, but day in and day out it is the soap operas that carry radio to the afterschool thrillers. These are rather mean traps for Junior. They lure him into stuffing himself with cereals so he can accumulate box tops and thus experience the unutterable joy of wearing "Captain Tom Superman's snake-eye magic ring" or some other admission ticket to the fraternity of kids with frayed nerves.

Follows then the 6 o'clock news. The day's events are dished out, hot and staccato, with an aspirin. Then the same news is repeated with a seltzer. Then it is expounded in shouts, interpreted in whispers, analyzed with long words and set at naught with a laxative spelled backward, a lotion spelled conventionally or a shave cream that the Russians are fond of eating in lieu of butter.

Come now the vital hours, the heavy sugar minutes, the announcers in black ties, the sopranos in long dresses and sponsors sweating it out in air-conditioned glass cages. Come now the 80-piece orchestras and the \$10,000-a-week punchinellos—and the fog-horns to herald body odor.

In recent years excuses were made for the comedians because their writers had gone off to the war. Apparently the scribes, at least, all came back alive; we are getting the same jokes we did five years ago. Danny Kaye, by no means worst of the lot, has been making fun of the writers for some weeks with variations of this "jest":

"My sister is going to marry an Irishman."

"Oh really?"

"No, O'Reilly."

Well, so it goes on the radio. It has its ups and downs, but it never wanders far from its own middle C, a note struck with peculiar clarity and brilliance on Sunday afternoon, April 28. If you had then been listening to *David Harding, Counterspy* you would have heard a commercial which attempted to induce mass thought transference about a candy bar. After a three-second silence it ended as follows, "... Wasn't it thrilling? Millions and millions of thought waves about rich, creamy fudge... luscious, chewy caramel... tasty, toasted peanuts... and delicious, mild milk chocolate!" As the announcer then added, "There you have it, friends." That is radio.

From Hoover to Hill

President G. W. Hill of the American Tobacco Company said recently, "Taking 100% as the total radio value, we give 90% to the commercials. . . . I don't have the right to spend the stockholders' money just to entertain the public." A viewpoint hard to quarrel with, but it is a far cry from what Herbert Hoover said 20 years ago when it fell to him to define the principles that should apply to broadcasting: "The use of radio channels is justified only if there is a public benefit." On this principle the Federal Communications Commission was given the power to revoke licenses for poor programing.

This is a tremendous power, and the FCC has wisely feared to abuse it. In fact it has practically never used it at all.

FCC's precedent was followed by the station owner. He, too, has abdicated all real responsibility for program quality. James Rowland Angell, former president of Yale and now educational counselor to the National Broadcasting Company, once told a convention of radio executives, "I have met a great many owners and managers of American broadcasting stations in my time and found them fine, upstanding businessmen, but I have rarely met any whose concern for the public service they were rendering could be mentioned in the same breath with their interest in making money."

Everyone else having abdicated, the responsibility for programing in fact belongs to the advertiser. That being the case, it is perhaps surprising that the programs are no worse, for George Hill's prescription is commercially honest and sound. The advertisers naturally give the public what it says it wants. It is therefore easy and likewise irrefutable to blame the state of radio on the state of public taste, as Henry Morgan, himself one of radio's more original wits, did in the *New York Times Magazine* recently.

But that is like saying that every nation has the government it deserves. Whether true or not, it is a poor formula for improvement. Improvement comes only through experiment, by trial and error. The trouble with radio today is that but few in it have enough motive to make enough experiments to improve the public taste or even to satisfy its variety.

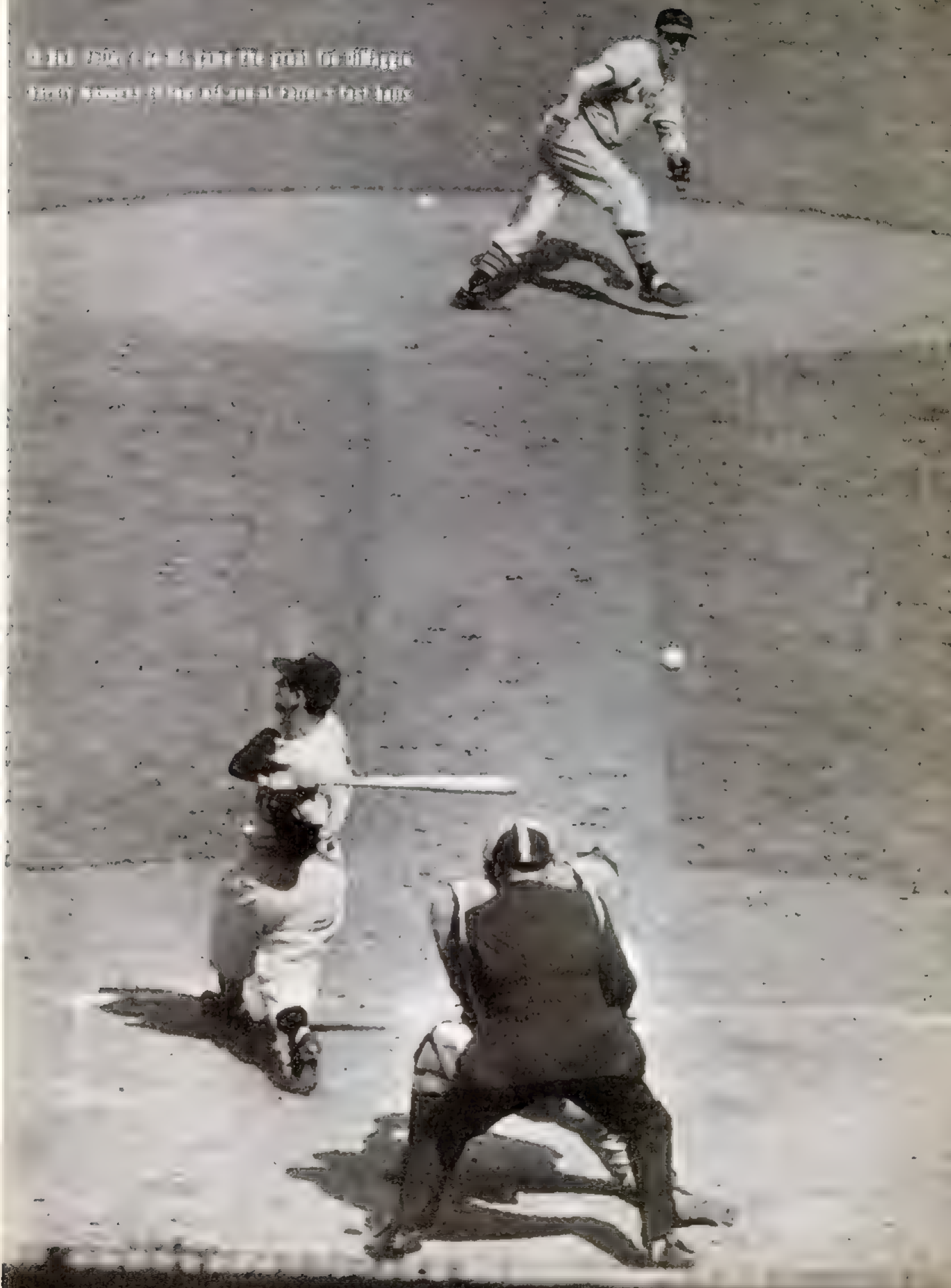
A Way Out?

There may be a small light at the end of this tunnel. As pointed out in a recent book called *Radio's Second Chance*, by Charles A. Siapmann, frequency modulation (FM) will vastly increase the number of channels, and the number of networks can be greatly increased, too. This should make possible (if FCC is on its toes) a greater diversity of station and network ownerships. Already labor unions, universities, cooperatives, community and regional groups are bidding for FM licenses.

So may some of radio's top entertainers, who are temperamentally much more disposed to experiment than the men who pay their salaries now. The stars have the money and also the tax incentive to go into station ownership in a serious way. And nobody has more to gain than they from the rescue of radio. Except, of course, the American public.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: ➔

Bob Feller, who came to the big leagues ten years ago as an 18-year-old boy wonder, this year returned to baseball after four long years in the Navy. Last week at the Yankee Stadium in New York City he pitched for the Cleveland Indians against the New York Yankees. His fast ball, which had won him a no-hit, no-run game in 1940, baffled even the great Joe DiMaggio's lustiest swings. In the ninth inning, with the score 1-0 in his favor, one out and the tying run on second base, Feller bore down on the Yankee powerhouse of DiMaggio and Keller to win his second no-hit, no-run game.



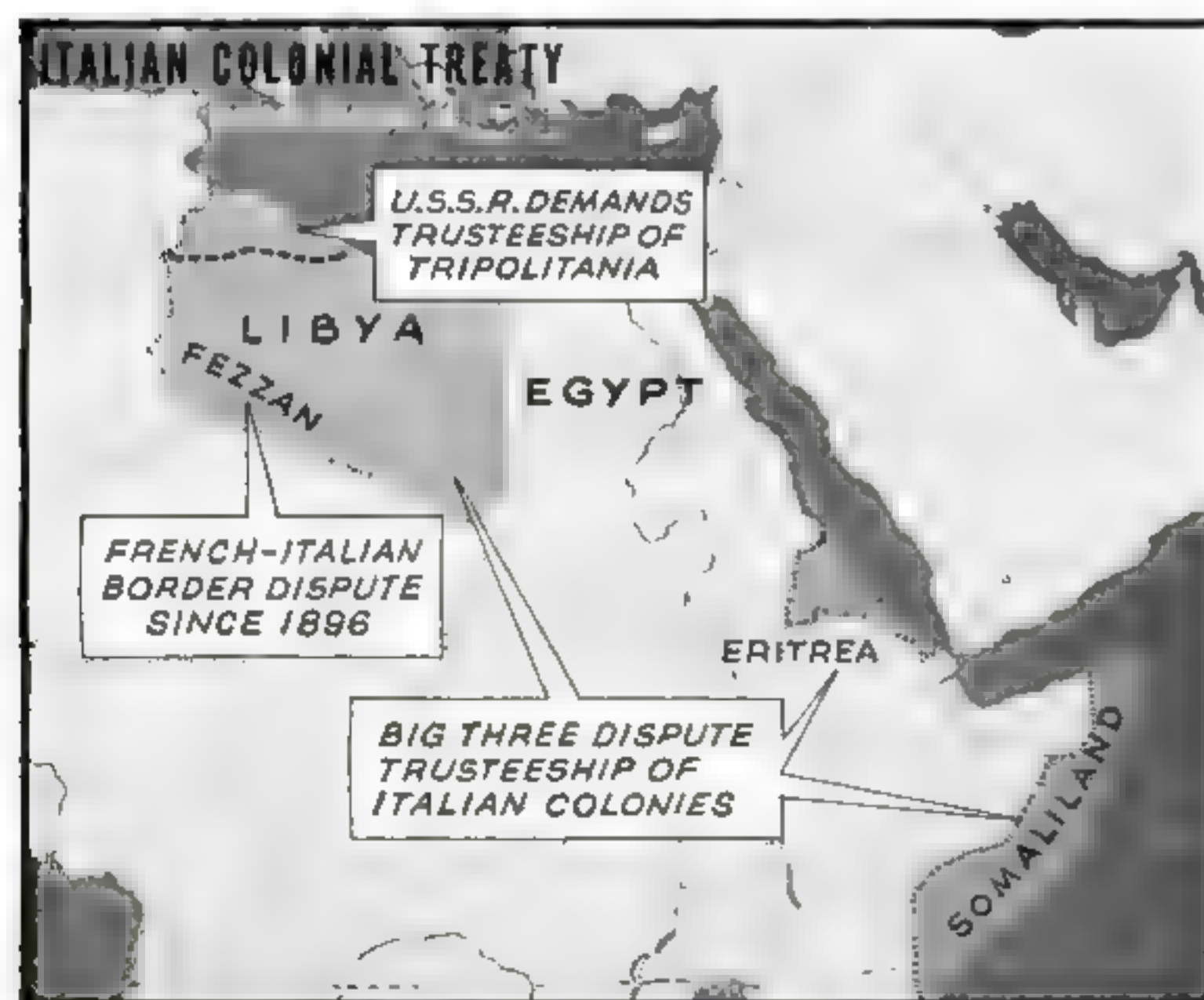


TRIESTE ISSUE has provoked most intransigent nationalism of any cause. Tito demands dominantly Italian Trieste as well as Venezia Giulia province, which has a large Slavic majority. Going farther even than the support the Russians have indicated they would give, Tito warned that bloodshed might result if any compromise is attempted.

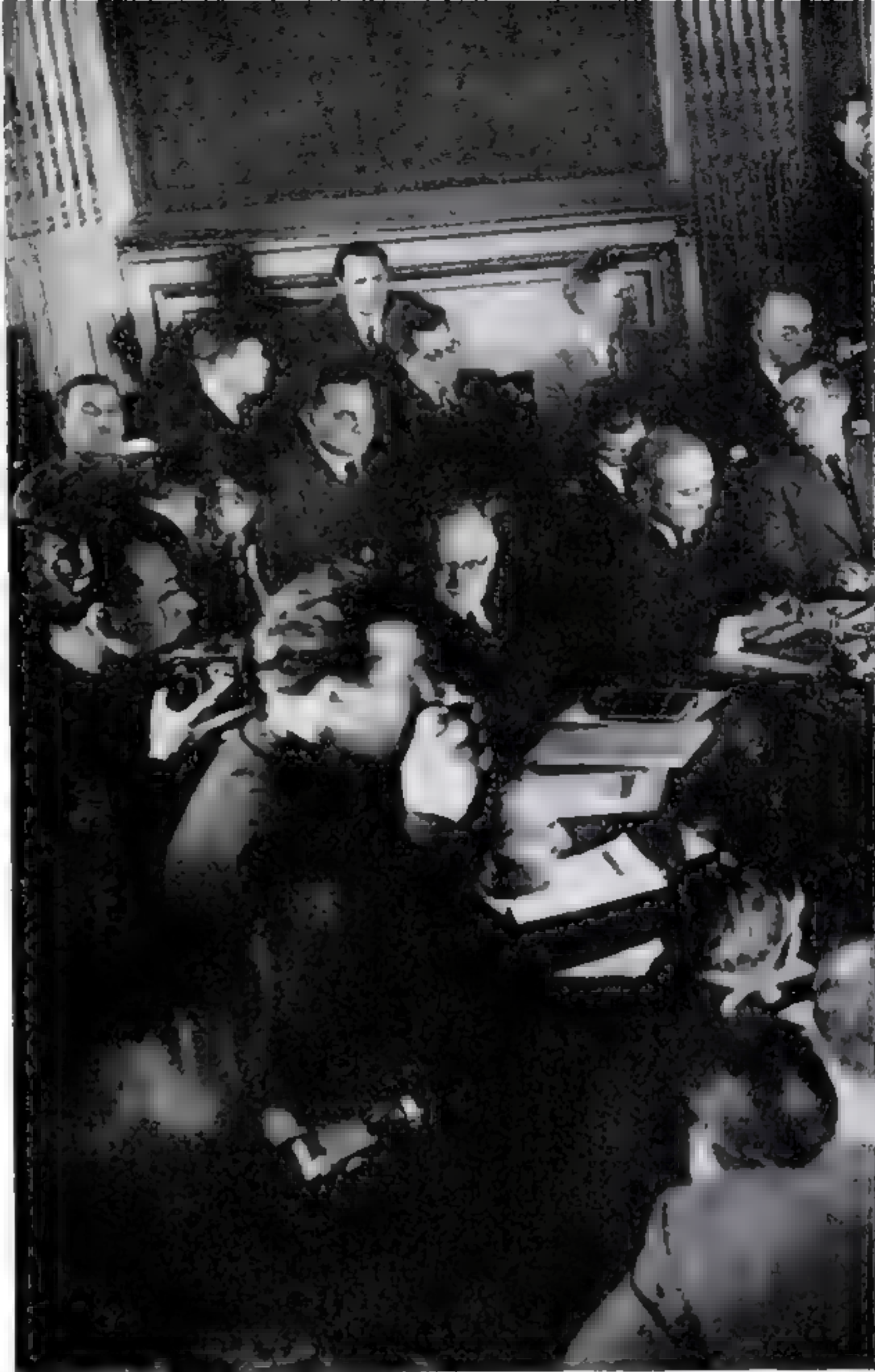
BIG FOUR PEACE CONFERENCE

Byrnes, Bevin, Bidault and Molotov Discuss treaties

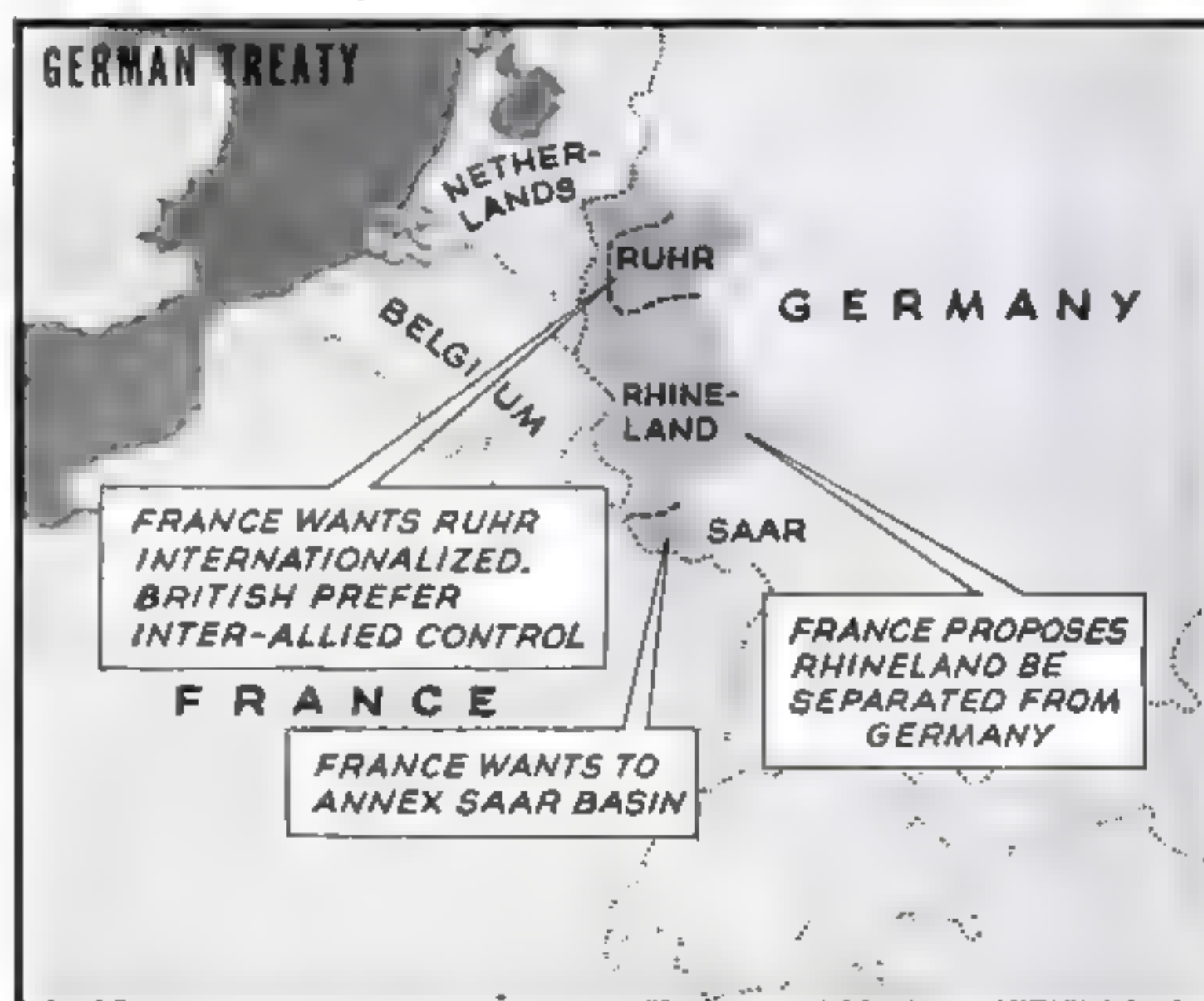
When the Foreign Ministers of France, Britain, Russia and the U.S. convened in Paris last week to discuss peace treaties with their former enemies, the Russians' willingness to talk about previously mooted issues, such as Italian ability to pay reparations, caused optimism. That mood was short-lived, however, when American negotiators began to believe that the Russians merely had a new delaying technique by referring issues "to committees for study by experts." At this point Secretary Byrnes unveiled one of the best kept diplomatic secrets of our time. He proposed a four-power 25-year treaty for keeping Germany disarmed. His intention was both to demonstrate American sincerity on participation in European affairs and to test Russian sincerity toward achieving peace by international agreement. The Russians took the treaty under advisement without official comment, but the controlled Russian press greeted the proposal with hostility and suspicion. The Russians refused even to discuss another Byrnes proposal that all four powers reduce their occupying armies in Austria and consider terminating the occupation. After a week of talk the other treaties they had met to discuss (see maps) seemed little nearer completion.



ITALIAN COLONIES are disputed because their disposition may set pattern for colonial control in Pacific. The Russians are demanding trusteeship over Tripolitania but if their demand fails they will be more than satisfied with the Dodecanese Islands which will help give Dardanelles control. Port in Eritrea may be given to Ethiopia.



PARIS CONFERENCE TABLE was first since the war at which France has appeared as a full participating power. Here the Foreign Ministers are shown seated with their aides in Salle de Victor Hugo in Luxembourg Palace when press photographers were allowed to swarm in briefly. Seated far left is Russia's former chief prosecutor, Andrei



FRENCH INTEREST centers chiefly in the Ruhr and Rhineland, which have provided Germany weapons for invading France in three wars. French determination to detach these regions from Germany has prevented occupying powers from organizing any central government for Germany. Neither Russia nor U.S. favors partitioning Germany.



Vishinsky, who now is Molotov's brilliant deputy. Next is Molotov, then his interpreter, Pavlov, who served Stalin at Yalta, and next Soviet Ambassador Gusev. Beside Gusev sits U.S. Assistant Secretary of State James C. Dunn, who prepared much of the groundwork for the conference, then Senator Tom Connally of Texas, Secretary Byrnes,

Charles ("Chip") Bohlen, Byrnes's aide (head turned), Senator Arthur Vandenberg and René Massigli, French Ambassador to London. Head of British Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin (at table, back to camera) is visible in left foreground. French delegation (right foreground) is obscured by photographers pushing close to the conference table.



BALKAN PROBLEMS center around Greek desires for expansion as a reward for fighting on United Nations' side. But Bulgarians, with Russian backing, want an outlet southward to the Aegean and Mediterranean at Greek expense. Rumania wants to get Southern Dobruja back from Bulgaria, to whom the Nazis gave it by treaty in 1940.



ANCIENT ISSUE is over control of mountainous Transylvania, which has mixed Hungarian-Rumanian population. Awarded to Rumania at Trianon, it was returned to Hungary by Nazis. Russians' prime interest in this part of Europe seems to be solidifying control of Danube. U.S. oil properties are sure to be part of reparations discussions.



RUBINSTEIN'S OFFICE is at 63 Wall St. in an impressive suite of eight offices and a reception hall. It is dimly lighted, deeply carpeted and plushly furnished. Rubin-

stein is neat, well tailored, plump, gray eyed, brown haired, loud-voiced. He speaks English, French, Russian, Spanish and German and talks about himself all the time.



RUBINSTEIN AND HIS YOUNG WIFE LAURETTE SIT IN THEIR LIVING ROOM. SHE IS TALL, SLIM, BLONDE AND COMES FROM FLUSHING IN THE BOROUGH OF QUEENS

RUBINSTEIN FINDS TROUBLE IN THE LAND OF PROMISE

The opulent setting shown above, once the Fifth Avenue home of Jules Bache, art patron and stockbroker, now shelters a recent immigrant named Serge Rubinstein. The change points a moral: that America is still, for the stranger, a land of opportunity. A Russian expatriate, Mr. Rubinstein arrived on these shores to stay eight years ago. Only 29, he was quite without connections, though not without means. In cash alone he had at least \$1,380,000, representing some of the assets of the Chosen Corp., Ltd., a British firm owning gold mines in Korea. These assets he acquired just before coming here, by means which made him the object of unremitting pursuit by the British government.

Last fortnight Mr. Rubinstein, now 37, having meanwhile been indicted as a draft dodger, suddenly achieved new importance in the country of his adoption. His bail was raised to the impressive sum of \$500,000 under conditions that testified to an unusual talent. Rubinstein had acquired a C-54 airplane of oceanic range and the government feared he might flee American jurisdiction—an assumption which he denied. Only two days before, owing to the notoriety of the draft-evasion business, Rubinstein had resigned as head of the Panhandle Producing and Refining Co., but not before he had taken a nearly \$3,000,000 profit on his stock. Panhandle is one of 17 corporations which Rubinstein, during his short stay, managed to accumulate.

To call Rubinstein, as some do, a Wall Street operator is to do an injustice to a much-abused community. And it would be naive to hail him as a financial wizard. In 1935, for example, Premier Laval, so indiscriminating in other matters, chased him out of France for harassing the French franc; *i.e.*, selling it short. Three years later the Japanese government fined him 3,000,000 yen for violating exchange regulations. A British stockholder described the Chosen operation as "a racket probably without precedent." Rubinstein lives by his wits.

Father Dmitri Rubinstein was a moneylender

to the last czar. When Serge was 10 the family fled before the Bolsheviks, drifted through Europe's capitals and finally settled, in 1926, in Paris. Serge was a bright boy with an electronic memory. At Cambridge, England he was an honor student in economics. But money was his passion—money and people. At 24, a banker in Paris, he knew the changing moods of the politicians' mistresses as minutely as the exchange fluctuations. One thing led to another and ultimately to Chosen Corp., one of those momentarily aimless corporations which attract men of wit. This was the first big killing. The anguished stockholders claimed that in the engorging of assets \$5,900,000 evaporated. Rubinstein also picked up, at Macao, a Portuguese citizenship.

In Wall Street, Rubinstein set himself up as an investment banker. Mrs. Roosevelt had him for dinner at the White House. Senators Pepper, Wagner, "Happy" Chandler, Ed Flynn, liberals and conservatives—this charming, pushing stranger soon knew them all. Meanwhile on the American boom the Chosen millions pyramided until Rubinstein was able to pay the stockholders \$2,250,000 to quiet them. There was plenty left for the Bache mansion, a young American wife, cafe-society friends. It was to support the wife and various other dependents, he told the draft board, that he could not go to war—that, and being a Portuguese neutral. The draft board has since questioned that this brood would have been without means of support had Rubinstein put on a uniform.

Rubinstein's first ambition was to be a grand duke. "As a boy," he says, "I noticed they had the longest, blackest limousines and the blondest women. Both, I find, are disappointing." And America has graveled his philosophy. "In Europe," he observes, "a man who makes money can be happy because it is understood that it takes brains to make money and doors are always open to brains. Here it is the other way around—unless, of course, you inherit money. America is a cold country."



RUBINSTEIN'S HOME (center) is at 814 Fifth Ave. It once housed rich Jules Bache and his art collection.



AS SOFT-COAL STRIKE GOES INTO SECOND MONTH, MORE THAN 3,000 COAL CARS STAND EMPTY IN THE NORFOLK & WESTERN YARDS AT WILLIAMSON, W. VA.

THE COAL STRIKE

John L. Lewis' walkout affects railways, steel, autos, movies

John L. Lewis owes his unique power to two facts: he is the absolute dictator of 400,000 soft-coal miners, and soft coal is the lifeblood of the nation's industry. Last week, at his bidding, the arteries were drying up.

While Lewis blandly refused even to set his price for ending his month-old strike, coal stock piles dwindled close to the starvation point. From the steel furnaces, which need coal, the paralysis

spread to all plants which need steel. Chicago, lacking fuel to make electric power, shut off store and theater lights. Because most locomotives burn coal, Washington prepared the most numbing move of all—a drastic embargo on freight shipments, a 50% cut in passenger service. The only antidote to public despair was the knowledge that Lewis, powerful enough to do all this, also had power to end the strike in 15 minutes when he chose.

THE CHARMING SPECTATOR



the shoe with
the beautiful fit **\$6⁹⁵**
\$7.45 WEST
OF ROCK IS
Subject to O. P. A. price increase

Naturalizer

NATURALIZER DIVISION • BROWN SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS



Perfect Reflection

ONE glance at the reflection will tell you that the whiskey in the drink is Four Roses—the whiskey that makes a matchless highball.

For Four Roses has a superb and distinctive flavor born of an exclusive combination of specially distilled *straight* whiskeys.

Four Roses is *all* straight whiskey, every drop—with a mellow smoothness and fine bouquet that we honestly believe cannot be equalled by any other whiskey. Won't you try Four Roses in your next whiskey and soda?

*Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskeys, 50 proof
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City*

FOUR ROSES

*Still the same great whiskey
as before the war*





DESIGNER BILL STOUT, LIKE A SMALL BOY WITH A NEW PLAYTHING, SHOWS OFF HIS FIBER-GLASS CAR. COST OF MATERIALS USED IN BODY WAS ONLY \$75

FIBER-GLASS CAR

Bill Stout hopes newest creation
will revolutionize auto industry

The first really new postwar automobile to be shown in the U.S. has no chassis, carries its engine at the rear and has a body made of fiber-glass plastic. It is the handiwork of William B. Stout, creator of the Ford Tri-motor plane, the Scarab car and many other mechanical wonders.

Stout molded his car of fiber glass because it weighs less than steel and yet is stronger. The floor of the body serves as the chassis and is suspended above the wheels by connecting shafts.

Built into each shaft are two small pneumatic tires which absorb all riding shocks. Although a custom-built replica of the car can be ordered for \$10,000, Stout is already at work on a smaller version which he thinks can be made to undersell today's low-priced cars. Like earlier Stout projects which were successful only in principle, such a car may never be mass-produced. But, as in the past, Stout's newest ideas almost certainly will influence the making of tomorrow's automobiles.



CADILLAC, FORD AND STOUT CARS (left to right) are lined up to show how Stout's rear-engine design allows for more interior space. Driver sits well forward,

gets unobstructed view of road through spacious windshield. Body fabrication was done by Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp. Plastic itself can be dyed to eliminate painting.

NO FUN FOR A
SNOW MAN*



HE NEEDS **JERIS**
FOR FIVE-IN-ONE HAIR CARE

- 1 Corrects loose dandruff
- 2 Gives antiseptic protection
- 3 Relieves itchy scalp
- 4 Cleanses the scalp
- 5 Keeps hair in place



Start your Five-in-One hair care today. Ask for Jeris at your favorite barber shop or drug counter.

JERIS ANTISEPTIC
HAIR TONIC

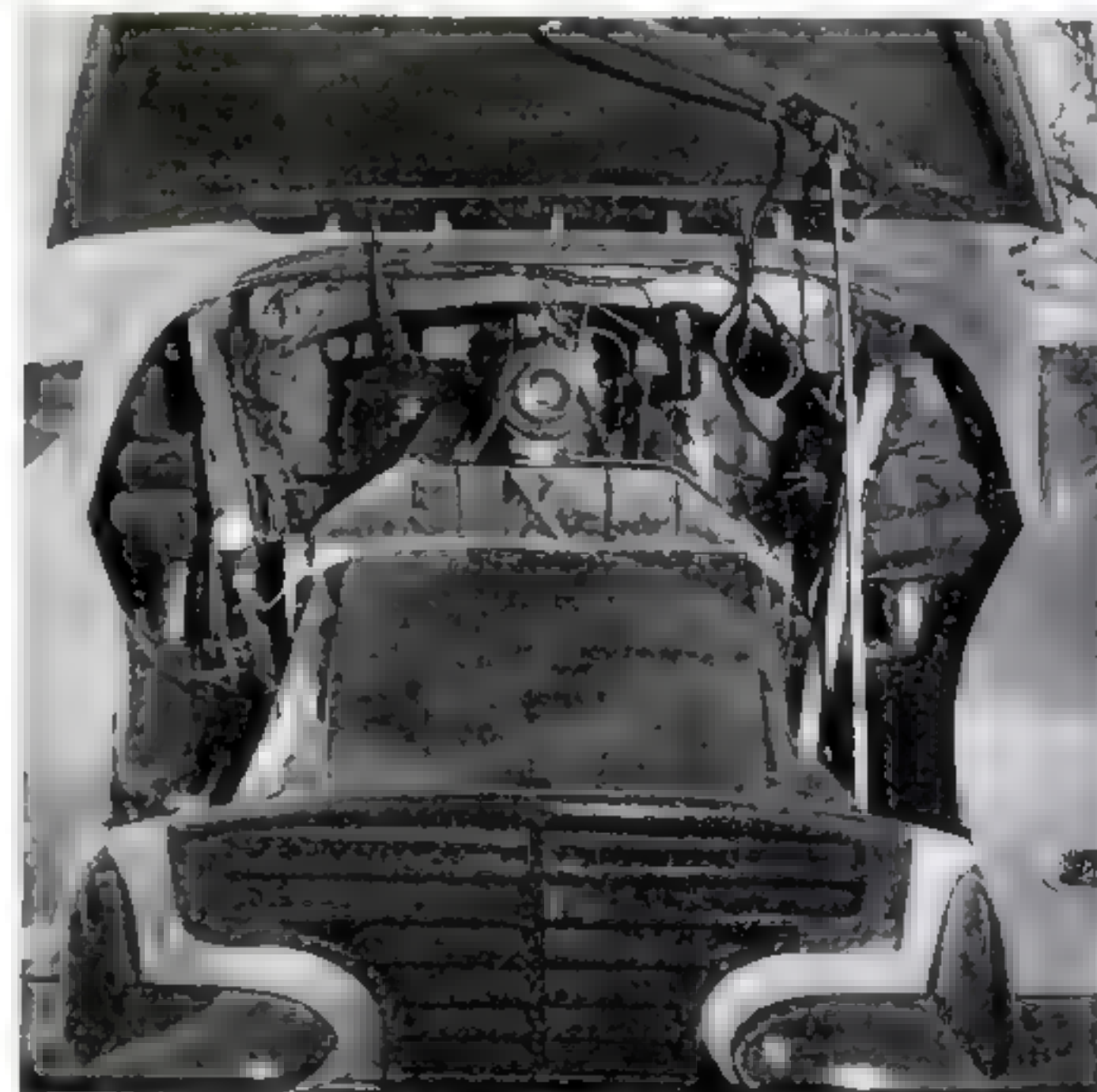
Fiber-Glass Car CONTINUED



FRONT END OF CAR contains space for luggage and spare wheel. Heater-ventilator unit is at left, takes in air through the grille set between bumpers.



SIDE VIEW shows how bumpers, also made of fiber glass, extend almost the entire length of car. Electric push buttons take the place of usual door handles.



REAR END houses Mercury V-8 motor. Small pneumatic tires, visible at either side, act as super shock absorbers. Future models will use smaller engine.



SEATING ARRANGEMENT includes movable chair which enables front-seat passenger to face to rear. Note excellent visibility through the windshield.



BED formed by rear seat is demonstrated by Designer Stout. Seat itself slides forward and its back slides down to make double bed. Seat is 74 inches wide.



RIDING SMOOTHNESS is illustrated in this close-up of water-glass test made as the car traveled on bumpy road shoulder at 60 mph. No water spilled.

To play golf like Frank Strazza



"**POWER AND CONTROL** are the two absolute requirements in golf," explains Frank Strazza, professional golfer at the Round Hill Country Club. "From the start of your swing to the completion of your follow-through, hold your club firmly, but keep yourself relaxed." So it is easy to see that you should...

Be sure to dress like this



WHETHER YOU'RE one on the green or two on the aisle, you'll have a feeling of complete relaxation... in action and at rest, in Munsingwear's action underwear for active men. This slick, one-piece Munsingwear Unionsuit won't bind, creep, or crawl. It's knit-to-fit for easy action and priced for easy purchase.

MUNSINGWEAR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Action Underwear for Active Men

MUNSINGWEAR, INC. • MINNEAPOLIS • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES



THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

The high public honors Longines has won confer distinction on every Longines watch. No other watch has won 10 world's fair grand prizes and 28 gold medals, awards and prizes from government observatories, and countless honors for accuracy in all fields of precise timing. Now, as before the war, Longines watches are sold and serviced by fine jewelers in every country.

*Product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company
New York Montreal Geneva*



MISHEL PIASTRO
Conductor
The Longines Symphonette



TWO RADIO PROGRAMS FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT



Capt. EDDIE RICKENBACKER
Host and Historian
World's Most Honored Flights



PICTURED IN ROME ARE (LEFT TO RIGHT) CARDINAL STRITCH, THE LATE CARDINAL GLENNON, CARDINAL MOONEY, CARDINAL SPELLMAN

The Consistory

Color photographs show the rich scenes in Rome when four Americans become Cardinals

The unrivaled splendor of the Catholic College of Cardinals' consistory, held in Rome Feb. 18-22 to create 32 new cardinals, was a time-hallowed ceremony which on this occasion could be shared by millions of people far beyond the walls of St. Peter's basilica. Cameras and microphones recorded every detail of the public ceremonies with unprecedented thoroughness. On these pages LIFE presents color photographs which reveal the full brilliance of the consistory scenes. Such photographs were made possible by the elaborate flood-

light system installed especially for the consistory.

By elevating such a large group at once and by giving non-Italians a majority for the first time in six centuries, this consistory became a historic one. For the American Church it was of special note. With Dennis Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia, the four new cardinals above—John Cardinal Glennon of St. Louis, Samuel Cardinal Stritch of Chicago, Edward Cardinal Mooney of Detroit and Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York—it gave the U.S. for the first time five places in the

College. Sadly, however, American representation was quickly cut down when Cardinal Glennon, on his way home from Rome, died of complications following a lung congestion in his native Ireland. At 83, Cardinal Glennon was the oldest of the new American cardinals. The above picture was taken outside the apostolic chancery after the four Americans had received official notification of their elevation. They were wearing the magenta robes of archbishops which they will later replace by the scarlet cloaks of Princes of the Church.





New Cardinals Lie Prostrate at Altar

In the last colorful solemnity of the consistory the new cardinals prostrate themselves in prayer before the Altar of the Chair. Their capes are thrown over their heads as a sign of humility. At the altar, which supposedly enshrouds the episcopal throne of St. Peter himself, stands Granito Cardinal Pignatelli di Belmonte (*far right*), 95, dean of the Sacred College of Cardinals, who is saying the prescribed prayer, *Super Electos Cardinales*. On either side of the prostrate new cardinals stand the old cardinals with their trambearers beside them. Behind them are massed other prelates, diplomats and laymen. When the Sistine Choir finished singing a triumphant *Te Deum*, the new cardinals rose and were embraced by the old ones with the "kiss of peace."



IN A BLAZE OF MEDIEVAL PAGEANTRY POPE OPENS PUBLIC CONSISTORY. POPE, WEARING GOLDEN MITER, HAS JUST ASCENDED THRONE

Church of Rome Displays Its Ancient Pomp

Enthroned in St. Peter's, the Pope, both a spiritual and temporal sovereign, is surrounded by one of the most colorful courts to survive into modern times. His throne, set up temporarily for the public consistory, was placed before the main altar of St. Peter's, which was covered by tapestry and crimson drapes. Grouped around the pontiff on the dais are officials who assisted him. Far left is Prince Orsini in layman's formal court garb of black knee breeches. Head of one of Rome's most patrician families, Prince Orsini has the heredi-

tary right to assist at the pontifical throne. Next to him is Mgr. Dante, assistant to the papal master of ceremonies. Closest to the Pope stands the master of ceremonies, Mgr. Carlo Respighi (*at right*), who is an expert in ecclesiastical ceremonies.

Facing the Pope stand advocates pleading in Latin for the canonization of four new saints, among them Blessed Mother Cabrini of Chicago. Their pleas were heard before the Pope bestowed red hats. In the foreground can be seen a multitude of the colorful costumes which make the papal

court a dazzling pageant. Cardinals in ermine capes rub shoulders with the Vatican's famous Swiss guards, whose glistening steel helmets and orange and black uniforms were designed by Michelangelo. Noble guardsmen wearing stiff white ruffs of the Renaissance stand beside prelates robed in magenta, purple, exquisite lace and stiff brocades. (Note also heavy microphone cord running across papal throne.) Modern floodlights turned this consistory into the most splendid spectacle that St. Peter's had seen in its 440-year history.

SPECIAL OFFER!

to Coffee Lovers

GET THIS VANADIUM STEEL KITCHEN KNIFE

Rust-resisting • Stain-resisting
Chromium plated • Hard rubber handle

65¢ VALUE
FOR ONLY

25¢

and one label from G. WASHINGTON'S
NEW INSTANT COFFEE

HAVEN'T SEEN A KNIFE
LIKE THIS SINCE
BEFORE THE WAR!



WHAT A WONDERFUL VALUE!



AND YOU'LL DISCOVER
THE BEST COFFEE
YOU EVER TASTED, TOO!



This super-quality general utility knife is made by Cutlargaugus, one of America's leading producers of fine cutlery. The sharp-cutting blade, of chrome-plated Vanadium steel, rust and stain-resisting, holds a fine edge and will last for years. Handle is of molded hard rubber with non-slip grip. A perfect knife for potatoes, vegetables, fruit and a dozen other kitchen uses. Actual 65¢ value—yours for only 25¢ and just one label from the delicious NEW G. WASHINGTON'S Instant Coffee!

A PRODUCT OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS, INC.



NOT HALF,
NOT TWO-THIRDS,
BUT ALL COFFEE!
NO MALTOSE, DEXTRINS
OR DEXTROSE ADDED

... to prove to you that the
NEW G. WASHINGTON'S Instant Coffee
is the best coffee you ever tasted!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE to get one of the most useful and efficient kitchen knives you've ever owned—and also to try the delicious NEW G. Washington's Instant Coffee everyone's raving about!

Everywhere housewives, husbands, business girls are discovering there's one Instant Coffee that's as delicious as the finest ground coffee they can buy—the NEW G. Washington's. You make it in just 5 seconds, simply by adding boiling water to *half a teaspoonful* for the individual cup, or, for larger quantities, add boiling water to the desired amount. No coffee pot; no grounds; no waste. And

perfectly *delicious*—either hot or iced! Best of all, G. Washington's costs no more than old-style coffee! The 2-oz. container is equal to a full pound of ground coffee!

Send Coupon Today . . .
Offer Expires August 31, 1946

You know how hard it is to buy a knife of this quality at any price! Our own supply is strictly limited . . . so get a jar of the delicious NEW G. Washington's Instant Coffee at your grocer's or delicatessen today. Then mail the label from the container (it comes off easily) together with your name and address and 25 cents, with the coupon at the right. Be one of the first to get this grand steel kitchen knife!

MAIL COUPON QUICK!

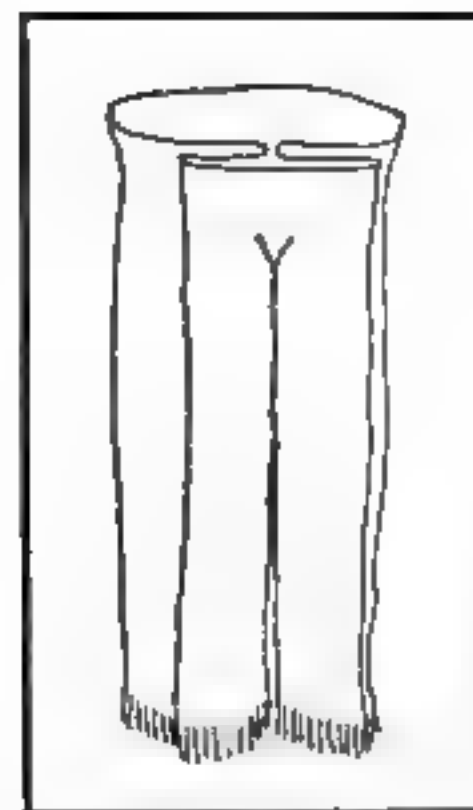
G. Washington's Instant Coffee
P. O. Box 18, New York 8, N. Y.

I am enclosing one label from a jar of the NEW G. WASHINGTON'S Instant Coffee and 25 cents (Send coin, no stamps, please.) Send me the Vanadium Steel Knife, as described in your ad. I understand this offer expires August 31, 1946.

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PATTERN BY STURGES

FRANCIE PANTS

Frances Ramsden gets some slacks,
Preston Sturges a suit for divorce

Preston Sturges, the one-man writer and director of such movie comedies as *The Great McGinty* and *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*, is one of the few true geniuses in his field and an eager, tireless experimenter in others (LIFE, Jan. 7). He is a restaurant owner, a manufacturer, a playwright (*Strictly Dishonorable*), an inventor of such items as a kissproof lipstick, and a movable closet. His latest invention is the "Francie Pants," a kind of dungarees named after the girl who is wearing them in the picture at left. She is Frances Ramsden, 24, pretty former model who was discovered by Sturges and starred in his forthcoming comedy, *The Sin of Harold Diddlebock*.

Sturges' three marriages have been as interesting and heterogeneous as his career. His second wife was Eleanor Hutton, whose wealthy family (E. F. Hutton and his wife, now Mrs. Joseph E. Davies), considered Sturges a fortune hunter because he was then earning only about \$2,000 a week. Last week his third wife, the former Louise Sargent (*see below*), sued him for divorce on grounds of "mental cruelty." But Hollywood believes that the real cause of the divorce was that Preston Sturges was being seen too much with Francie, who was herself divorced only 6 weeks ago.



STURGES' THIRD WIFE, now suing for divorce, is the mother of Sturges' son. Sturges' mother had five husbands.



FRANCES RAMSDEN demonstrates how an oversize pair of dungarees are folded to form the "Francie Pants" pleats. Slack must now be evenly divided.



SLACK MATERIAL is held in place to make pleat on each side. Pants can be made either from old dungarees or cut from new material as on next page.



COMPLETED "FRANCIES" are supported by a wide belt. The pants are catching on and a manufacturer is interested in making them commercially.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Huge Flower Prints are
High Style



AND SO FLATTERING WITH A RADIANT

SweetHeart Soap Complexion



Change to SweetHeart's
1-2-3 Extra Lather Beauty Care

● Huge flowers in a riot of color give new dash to the season's smartest print dresses. This brilliance dramatizes you if your skin has that clear, alive look that's so young and alluring.

See the amazing difference in your complexion when you change from inadequate care to this beautifying SweetHeart way. Night and morning, massage your face for one minute with

SweetHeart Soap's *extra lather*. Rinse with warm, then icy cold water. Like 3-way magic, it (1) *cleanses* (2) *stimulates* (3) *brightens* your skin to its thrilling, natural radiance.

For this 3-way beauty help, insist on SweetHeart Soap. You want its rich, creamy lather—up to *twice as much* as the average beauty soap gives—for these basic steps to fresher, lovelier skin.

The soap that **AGREES**
with your skin



**DON'T WASTE
SOAP**
It contains vital
materials

YOU'RE GAY...

YOU'RE GLAD...

You're
Twice as Smart
with
Vitality SHOES



Twice as smart! In lively styles.
In gentle, heel-gripping, restful fit.
A smarter buy, too, because
Vitality quality carries you farther
... keeps you in style!

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\$6.95

Vitality Open Road Shoes for Outdoor
and Campus Wear, \$5.50 and \$6

REBECCA



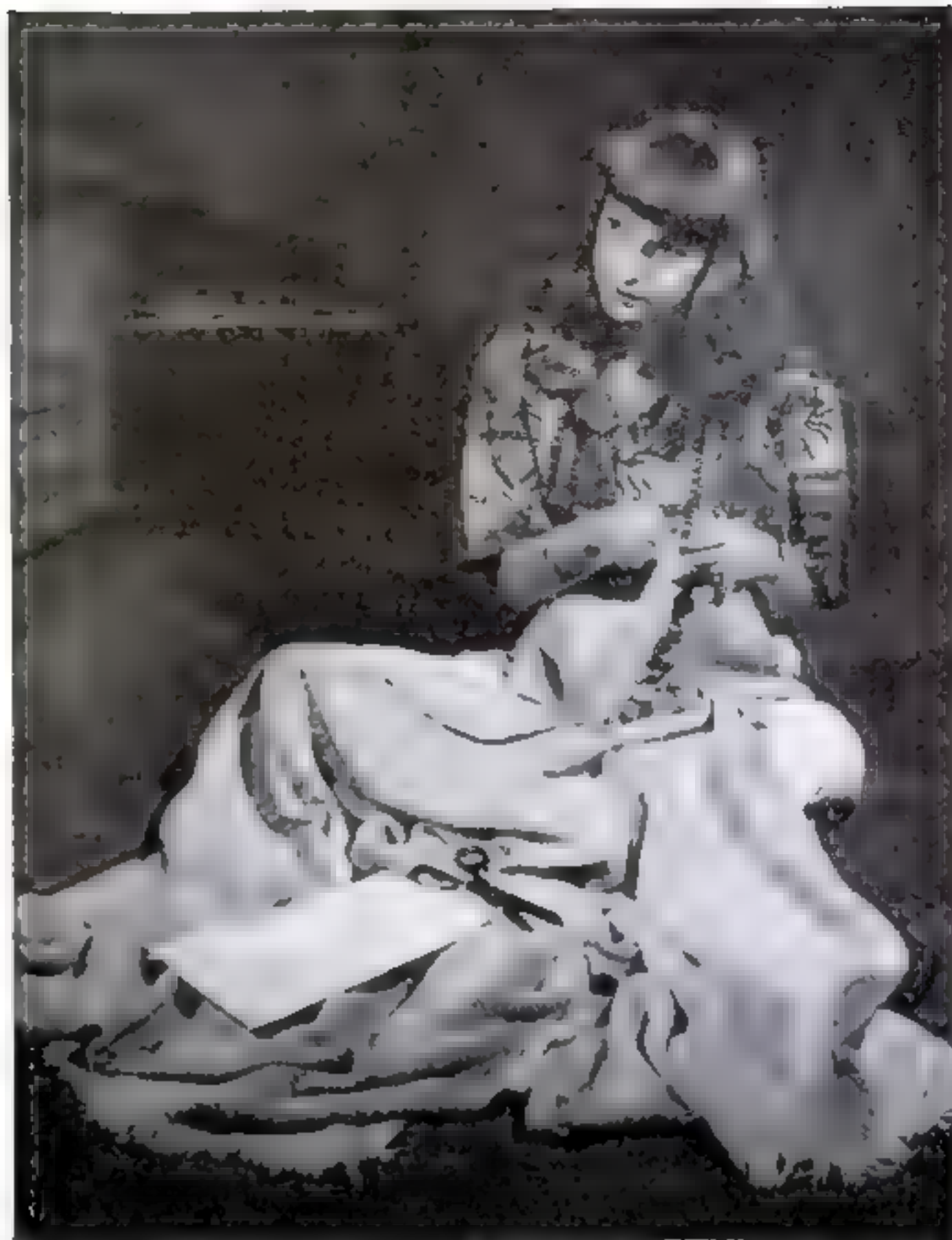
STUE



Complete Range of Sizes and Widths

Vitality Shoe Company, Division of International Shoe Company, St. Louis, Missouri

Francie Pants CONTINUED



MAKING THE PANTS from a bolt of material, Francie studies the Sturges pattern (see p. 54). Waist size is easily changed by adjusting the pleats.



FRANCIE MODELS the finished creation for a frantically busy Sturges. Fringes give pants their special character. Her sweater is a 1908 turtle neck.

PRIMER OF PERFECT PROTECTION



is for **Potato Chips** **FRESH**

kept crisp, snappy and delicious
from oven to you

—and for **Poultry** **FROZEN**

with that spring-broiler
taste the year round



Soon you're going to discover new taste magic in many foods—fresh and frozen—because they'll be coming to you flavor-sealed in **PLIOFILM**.

You see, this sheer and shimmering packaging material is both air- and moisture-proof. It prevents loss of juice-rich goodness—or keeps unwanted moisture out—with equal ease.

That means such perishables as oranges or tomatoes can now be naturally ripened to peak of mouth-watering succulence; then make the long trip to your kitchen without loss of quality—in **PLIOFILM**.

Or meats, berries and sea foods can be frozen for months without loss of market-fresh taste and looks, because **PLIOFILM** prevents "freezer burn," dehydration and shrinkage.

Many laboratory tests have proved these facts—and your own palate will soon confirm them. For **PLIOFILM** will be back before long to add new zest to living!

Packagers: write Goodyear, Chemical Products Division, Pliofilm Department, Akron 16, Ohio.

Pliofilm T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

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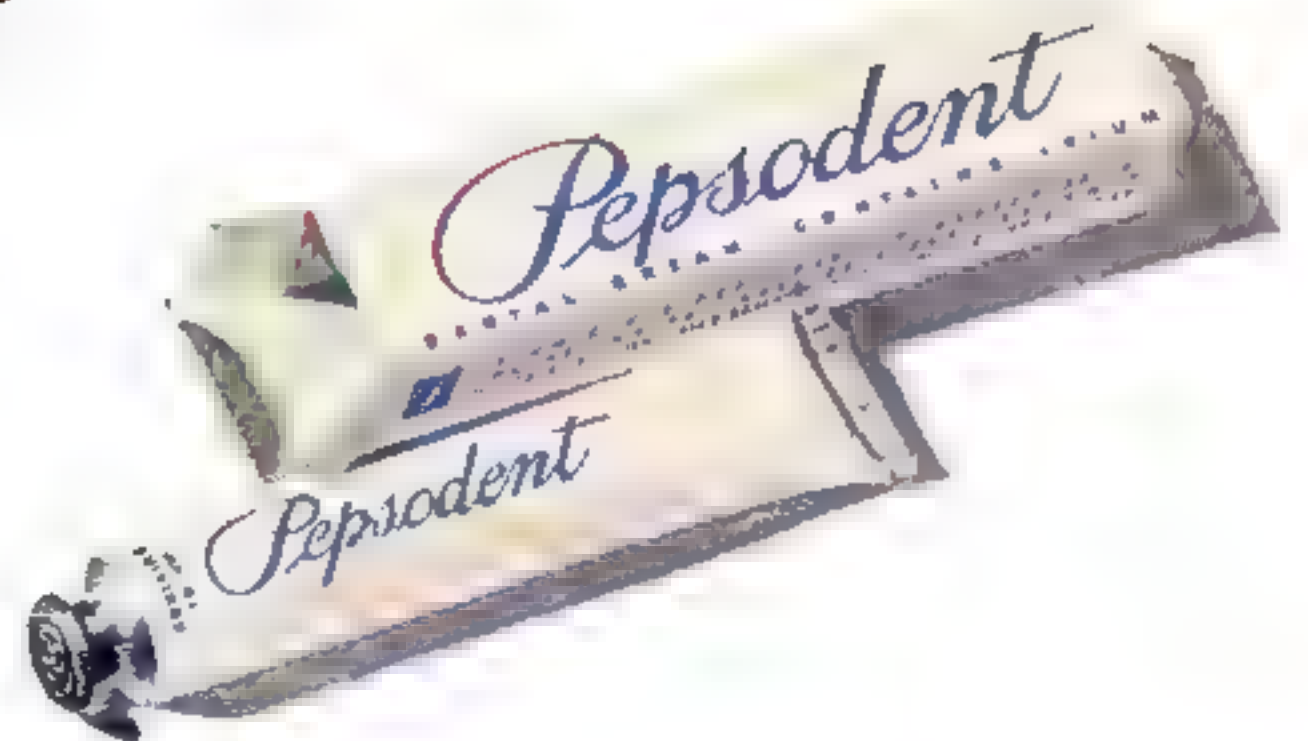
IF YOU HAVE A FREEZER LOCKER—plan to use **PLIOFILM** sheets and bags. Soon to be available at all locker plants.



It's cleaner, brighter **Taste** means cleaner,

brighter teeth — **New Pepsodent** tooth paste
with **Irium** removes the film that
makes your teeth look dull!

Use Pepsodent twice a day — see your dentist twice a year





THE LEATHERY VISAGE OF BOB CROSBY IS GRAPHICALLY LINED BY ARTIST PETER HURD, CROSBY'S NEW MEXICO FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR

King of the Cowboys

In quarter century of rough rodeo competition "Wild Horse Bob" Crosby has become the No. 1 cowpoke and broken almost every bone in his body

by CLAUDE STANUSH

THE RODEO is the only major American sport that grew out of an industry. In contrast to baseball and football, which are contrived pastimes, the rodeo evolved from the business of raising cattle on the Western plains. The word itself (pronounced ro-de-o in the West and ro-day-o in the effete East) derives from the Spanish *rodear* meaning "to round up cattle." Historians agree that the first inter-sectional competitive rodeo was held in Pecos, Texas in 1883. Today hundreds of rodeos are held in the U.S. annually. Of these at least 90 are big-time affairs.

Like every spectator sport the rodeo has produced a hero, comparable in his realm to such athletic immortals as Jack Dempsey and Babe Ruth. Like them he is a paunchy, creaking champion well past his prime. But unlike them he still rules his domain. Robert Anderson Crosby remains today, after 26 years of rugged rivalry, King of the Cowboys.

By comparison with rodeo competition, boxing and wrestling are gentle diversions and far more profitable to their practitioners. Cowboys who range the rodeo circuit pay for their own transportation and that of their horses. If the cowboys are gored by angry steers or kicked by bucking broncs, the doctors' bills come out of their own pockets. Few cowpokes manage to stay in top-flight competition for longer than two years. Crosby, at the age of 49, has been in the game a quarter century. In that interval he has failed only three times to win prize money at the Pendleton and Cheyenne rodeos, which are the World Series of the profession. He failed in those years only because he did not compete. He is holder of the Roosevelt Trophy, rodeo's most coveted award, which till 1928 was bequeathed annually to the cowboy who scored the highest point total in all events at Pendleton and Cheyenne. By virtue of winning it three times Crosby acquired permanent custody of the tro-

phy, a feat rodeo men had thought impossible.

Crosby, in addition to being rodeo's greatest practitioner, is also its most spectacular showman. His nickname, "Wild Horse Bob," derives from the recklessness and occasional savagery that distinguish his performances. The price Crosby has paid for the \$150,000 in prize money he has stuffed in his faded Levis could best be toted up on X-ray film. Virtually every bone in his body, with the exception of his spine and left leg, has been fractured at one time or another. He has broken his right leg five times, every rib at least once, both arms, both hands and both clavicles. He has won bronc-riding contests with an arm and a leg in plaster casts and taken prize money in a steer-roping event while temporarily blinded in one eye. Today Crosby's right leg is little more than an atrophied shank which he keeps encased in a specially fastened boot.

Although Crosby is a prosperous man, even

Alto, muy alto!

High, very high above the
blue Caribbean they distill this
famous

"Mountain Rum"



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Up goes your enjoyment of rum — when the rum is Ron Merito. For this delectable "mountain rum" reaches the heights of smooth, rich, mellow flavor. Distilled in Puerto Rican uplands, where water, soil and tropic sun help man achieve delicious taste perfection. The better the rum, the better the drink. Better use Ron Merito!

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KING OF THE COWBOYS CONTINUED

by metropolitan standards, his competitive instincts will not let him retire. His wife and daughter would like him to devote his remaining years to his 50,000-acre Cross-B Ranch at Roswell, N. Mex. But even when he is at home Crosby spends little time under the roof of his handsome colonial house. He prefers to live with his 3,000 head of cattle under the sky.

Dinner with Wild Horse Bob

HE was out on the range a few weeks ago when LIFE's reporter arrived in Roswell to interview him. "Yuh a dude?" Crosby asked unsmilingly, ignoring the reporter's outstretched hand. "Well, not exactly, Mr. Crosby," I replied. "I'm from Texas." He stared skeptically at my Stetson, blue jeans and scuffed boots. "Waal, yore note says yore from California," he retorted. "When yuh cross that border from Arizona into California yore in furrin country. Ah don't like dudes and Ah don't like furriners. Do yuh like freehole beans?" "I was raised on 'em," I said. "Waal, that's all we got," he said, "and yuh can bunk with me if yuh don't mind eatin' freeholes. Ah cook 'em with a hunk of salt pork and a hunk of beef tallow and Ah throw in a shoulder bone if Ah can find one around." "That's just the way I like 'em," I said, "just as long as it isn't my shoulder bone." At this he insisted on unfastening his boot and showing me his leg, and when I told him it was the worst-looking leg I had ever seen he warmed up a bit.

As soon as we arrived at his camp site Crosby tossed a big batch of red Mexican Frijol beans into a ten-gallon lard can and set them boiling over a fire. At dinner he downed four bowls of beans before I could finish one. When I reached for a second helping he grabbed the bowl from my hand. "I'd like a few more of those beans," I said. He said, "Anybody can be slow," and proceeded to wash out my bowl.

Through Crosby's gristly body runs a strain of humor akin to that of his mentor, the late Will Rogers. That night as we sat on the ground beside our fire Crosby mingled autobiography with a succession of narrative flights which he refers to as "windies." When asked, for example, how he came to be a cowboy, Crosby is likely to respond, "Waal, one day muh ma was lopin' along the Texas plains on a paint pony, an' the Injuns were after her. All of a sudden a pai. struck her in the stummick. She got off the pony and Ah was born. While Ah was bein' born, the hoss dropped a colt. The Injuns shore was plenty close by then. Muh ma got scairt an' jumped on her paint pony an' loped off. Waal, Ah jus' jumped on that colt and loped off, too."

The true story of Crosby's origin is scarcely less interesting. Grandfather Charlie Crosby was an early Texas judge who dispensed cow-country justice with an effectiveness still recalled today in Crosbyton, seat of Crosby County. Uncle Steve Crosby killed a "nester" (homesteader) in an argument over a water hole and spent his declining years in prison. Crosby's father Dick, who served as a Texas Ranger before he became a rancher, won Crosby's mother in a draw-poker game. Enamored of a pretty schoolmarm of Austin, he was annoyed to learn that another cowpoke was competing for her affections and promptly challenged his rival to a round of draw poker for the privilege of proposing to the lady at stake. Crosby won, being as handy with cards as with a six-shooter.

Wild Horse Bob emitted his "first beller" on Feb. 27, 1897 at Midland, Texas. When Bob was 2, Pa Crosby bought a 50,000-acre range near Fort Stockton, in the western part of the state. Here Bob smelled leather for the first time. At the age of 3 he was tossed into a saddle and told to "stay put or fall off." At 7 he and his elder brother Harold received three-strand Manila ropes for Christmas. Although ranchers deprecate promiscuous roping of livestock, Pa Crosby never complained about the number of steers that suffered broken legs or snapped necks. Instead he would ask his sons, "How many didja rope?" On one occasion when a state tick inspector paid a visit, the Crosby boys roped and held 200 steers for him in a single day. The amazed inspector spread the tale and the Crosby legend began.

Crosby entered his first rodeo at the age of 13. Pitted against 11 adults, he won first prize in steer roping. After that he competed regularly. One summer Will Rogers spent a week's vacation at the Crosby ranch and, on seeing young Bob perform, urged him to try his luck at Pendleton and Cheyenne. His entry into the big time was postponed, however, when his family suddenly moved to New Mexico. There was much work to be done on the new ranch, and in the course of it Crosby spent many lonely days on the open range. To relieve monotony he lassoed young antelope, which he found he could run down with a fast horse.

Crosby's rodeo debut was further delayed by an incident that



CROSBY COMES OUT OF THE CHUTE after a steer. The aim in steer roping is to rope and trip steer, tie up three legs. It is outlawed in 44 states.

occurred during a picnic at Billy The Kid Springs. "Ah was chawin' on a piece of barbecue," he relates, "when a cowpoke steps up to me and says, 'Bob, Ah'd like to make yuh acquainted with Miss Thelma Jones. She's a razorback from Arkinsaw.' Miss Thelma was shore a purty brown-haired filly. Ah went for her like a sick cat for a hot brick. Ah always said if ever Ah found a lady Ah couldn't kiss, Ah was gonna marry her, and four months later Ah did. That's when Ah quit bein' boss o' my outfit. When a married man tells yuh he's boss, yuh better watch him. He's liable to lie to yuh 'bout somethin' else."

A double dose of bad luck ultimately launched Crosby on his rodeo career. In 1920 a drought burned up the range and by the end of the year the Crosby ranch was \$100,000 in debt. One day the banker who held the Crosby mortgage suggested to Bob that he might win big prize money at the annual rodeo in New York City and offered to advance him \$250 for the trip. Crosby agreed to take the chance. "When Ah got out of the train in New York," he says, "Ah just stood and looked. Ah figgered it was the deepest canyon Ah'd ever seen. A policeman told me how to git to the Yankee Stadium on a subway and that's what Ah did. When Ah got there the rodeo feller looked me over pretty disgusted-like, seein' as Ah had on low-cut town shoes an' one of them little go-to-thunder dude hats. 'This is a cowboy contest,' he says. Then an ole Texas cowhand stepped up and said Ah was okay. An' Ah guess Ah was." When the rodeo was over Crosby collected \$1,250 top money in calf roping and wild-horse racing.

Thirty days after his Yankee Stadium debut Crosby was back in New York, this time at Madison Square Garden, where he won \$1,860 for roping calves. Thereafter his path of glory crisscrossed the continent from Los Angeles to Boston and from Canada to Mexico. His winnings lifted the mortgage from the Crosby ranch. In 1928 he won his incredible third victory at the Pendleton and Cheyenne rodeos and thereby acquired permanent possession of the Roosevelt Trophy. No other hand had ever won it more than once. From that time on Crosby was recognized as Cowboy King.

As the world's No. 1 rodeo hand, Crosby is a curious compound of contradictions. In his prime he was as handsome and dashing a figure as ever charged out of a chute. A conscious grandstander, he appeared a veritable Adonis of the range when he stood in the stirrups, his black Stetson held high before a cheering rodeo audience. Yet then, as now, his own and his horse's trappings were plain. Unlike many cowboys, Crosby is an abstemious person. He has never chewed tobacco, smoked, drunk hard liquor, shot craps or cussed. His favorite expletive is "Foot," uttered in a protracted drawl. He even attends church from time to time, and on one occasion a clergyman held him up to his congregation as "a Christian cowboy."

For all his asceticism afoot, Crosby is a holy terror on horseback, hated by many a cowboy for his roughness with stock—and with men. In his early rodeo days he would sometimes windbreak a horse by tearing it furiously around the arena before the show even started. He loved to rope wild horses by their hind legs and send them crashing to the turf with a loud plop. Crosby defends his rough handling of horses by pointing to the perfect manners and subservience of his mounts. "A hoss is like a woman," he says. "They'll mind yuh a little for love but a lot more for fear. Of course it's a heap easier to get a hoss afeard of yuh than a woman."

Despite their dislike of Crosby's playful brutality, his fellow cowpokes confess vast respect for his courage and physical toughness. Crosby's hardihood, which amounts almost to indestructibility, was best demonstrated during a series of violent mishaps that

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

New!

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BY THE MAKERS OF DR. WEST'S MIRACLE-TUFT TOOTHBRUSH

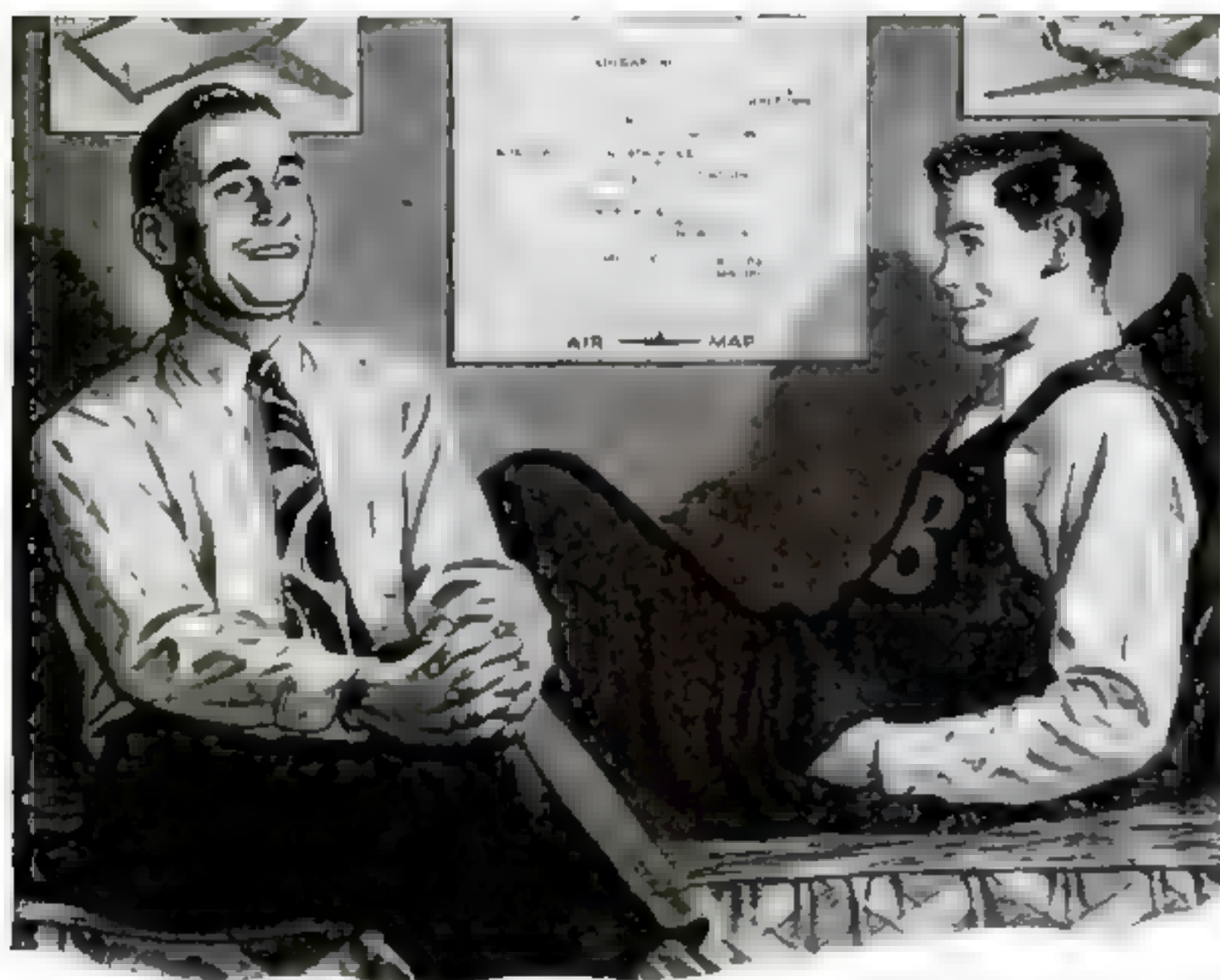
- It's an entirely new idea—a product that lives up to its "Miracle" name. It offers, in a new-formula paste base, two polishing ingredients and an amazing liquid cleanser just made available—a cleanser with remarkable powers. Pleasing flavor. Try it!

Removes surface stains
from the teeth . . .
even tobacco stains

Dr. West's Miracle Tooth Paste



"Son, I wish I'd had your chance at 17"



"After I finished high school I floundered around in odd jobs for several years before I found myself.

"I think you've made the right decision. I know that I would have been away ahead if I'd been able to jump right in and get the top training for a trade that's open to you now in the new peacetime Regular Army. A lot of men will use the opportunity to become specialists of the highest caliber.

"Another thing. When you get back, under the GI Bill of Rights you can get a full college education—more than \$5000 worth—at Government expense! I could never afford it for myself, or for you.

"It's your big chance, now—and your country's, too. For you'll be helping to guard the Victory that cost so much to win.

"I'm mighty glad you feel the same way about it. We'll drive down to the Recruiting Station tomorrow."

CHECK these opportunities for men enlisting in the new Regular Army. Army pay compares favorably with the net income in a civilian job—you don't have to spend money for food, rent, clothes or medical care. Overseas, you get 20 per cent extra pay.

You enlist for 1½, 2 or 3 years . . . with a 30-day paid furlough each year. If you make the Army a career, you can retire on half pay after 20 years—three-quarters pay after 30 years. (For a Master Sergeant, that's up to \$155.25 a month.)

Best of all, if you enlist for 3 years before October 6, 1946, under the GI Bill of Rights you may have 48 months of education in your favorite college or trade or business school after you are discharged, provided you can meet its entrance requirements. The Government will pay your tuition fees and incidentals up to \$500 per ordinary school year, and will provide \$65 a month living allowance for single men, \$90 a month for men with dependents.

Get all the facts at the local U. S. Army Recruiting Station today.

Enlist NOW!



KING OF THE COWBOYS CONTINUED

beset him in the first six months of 1930. They began at the Phoenix rodeo in January when a horse fell with him, tearing his knee from its socket. Next month, with his injured leg taped up, Crosby entered the rodeo at Tucson where an ornery steer ran a horn through his thigh. Limping out of the arena with blood spurting from his Levis, Crosby went to his camp wagon where, plugging his thumb into one aperture of his wound, he poured coal oil from a lantern into the other. Next day he returned to the competition and won first money.

A few weeks later in Fort Worth, Crosby was waylaid by five cowboys who had been nursing a grudge. "We locked horns," Crosby relates, "and rolled over the ground like tumbleweeds. This bull nurse thought he had his finger in muh eye. But he had it in muh mouth, and Ah bit off the end of it. 'Why don't yuh fight fair,' he yells. 'Ah didn't know there was any sech thing as fightin' fair,' Ah shout back. Ah then git loose and jump on him and stomp him with muh boot heels. Ah knowed Ah shouldna done it, 'cause those other four hands piled in on me. When they got through, muh nose was laid over to muh cheekbone and muh mouth looked like a wave in a slop bucket. When Ah got home, Ah had to interduce muhself to muh wife." Next day Crosby won first prize for calf roping.

Three weeks later Crosby was flanking (throwing) steers on a ranch near Phoenix when one kicked him in the eye. He covered his face with his hands and a cowboy asked if he were hurt. "Believe Ah am, John," he drawled. The cowboy took one look at Crosby's face and fainted. Another cowpoke came running up. "Ah cain't see much," Crosby said, "but Ah feel somethin' danglin'." Believe it's muh eye. "Shore is," the other cowboy agreed.

At a Phoenix hospital a doctor put 17 stitches in Crosby's eyelid and four in the eyeball. A week later Crosby's uninjured eye went sympathetically blind and it was two months before his vision returned to normal. Four days after regaining his sight Crosby entered a rodeo at Prescott, where his right leg was broken for the fifth time. An overtight cast caused gangrene to set in, and Crosby was shipped off to the Mayo Clinic. There specialists advised him that amputation would be necessary. The disconsolate cowboy was being wheeled into the operating room when he suddenly reared up on the table. "Ah gotta go home," he announced with mournful resolution. "Ah'm mighty homesick and Ah'm a-goin' home." There was no stopping him.

When Crosby limped back to Roswell he told his brother, "Harold, Ah want yuh to git me the sorriest doctor yuh know." Harold said, "Ah know just the man. He ain't had a case in two years." The chosen sawbones, who was so sorry he had no office, used Crosby's kitchen as an operating room. He ripped the bad leg from knee to ankle, "an' it opened like a Bible." Then, using a pocketknife dipped in alcohol, Crosby helped him scrape the bone. When the job was done he asked the doctor how much he owed. "Think I done a nice job there," the doctor said with professional pride. "Two dollars." Gangrene appeared in the big toe a week later, so the doctor snipped off the end of the toe with a pair of sewing scissors. Crosby dispensed with surgical services when the infection recurred a second time. He simply encased his leg in an old inner tube which he packed full of cow manure, a venerable cowboy panacea. After two days of poulticing, "the red centipedes plumb disappeared." Crosby was back in competition a few months later. Walking on crutches and with his leg in a cast, he entered and won the steer-cutting contest at Winslow, Ariz. His prize money for that year, despite his casualties, totaled \$2,700.

Crosby gave up bronc riding and bulldogging after his fifth leg fracture because his insurance company added a clause invalidating his policy if he were killed in either of those activities. Since then he has concentrated on steer roping, which is every bit as dangerous. Crosby's cronies cannot understand why the insurance company overlooked steer roping in rewriting his policy, " 'cept that it'd kill ole Bob to quit roping steers, and they'd lose either way." At the moment Crosby is entered in six forthcoming steer-roping contests. His big match of the year, however, will take place June 9, when Crosby tangles with his ancient rival Carl Arnold at Clovis, N. Mex. for a \$10,000 purse. "I'd rather rope him," he says, "than buy 1,000 steers at 6¢ a pound."

Across the range with Wild Horse Bob

CROSBY likes to reminisce. Sitting before the fire in the open pasture, he talked to LIFE's reporter until late at night. Then, abruptly, he broke off, and said, "Time to hit the hay." He spread out an old canvas blanket redolent of horse sweat and cow manure, folded it once and began to undress. It was a frosty night, so

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

Come to Bedlam!...See **The Marx Bros.**

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**"A NIGHT IN
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A David L. Loew
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If you're like most people, chances are you don't get enough exercise. Your trouble with constipation may be just that simple.

If so . . . stop worrying. Get Saraka. And enjoy pleasant, easy relief from constipation.

Saraka provides mild, but thorough laxation with its *happy combination* of two pure vegetable ingredients. They work smoothly together to help you achieve greater regularity.

Helps Intestinal Action

One vegetable ingredient provides the kind of soft, smooth BULK your system needs, and often lacks.

This Bulk gives your intestinal muscles something to take hold of. It helps the "kneading action," so necessary to healthful elimination.

Gives You Bulk Plus Motility

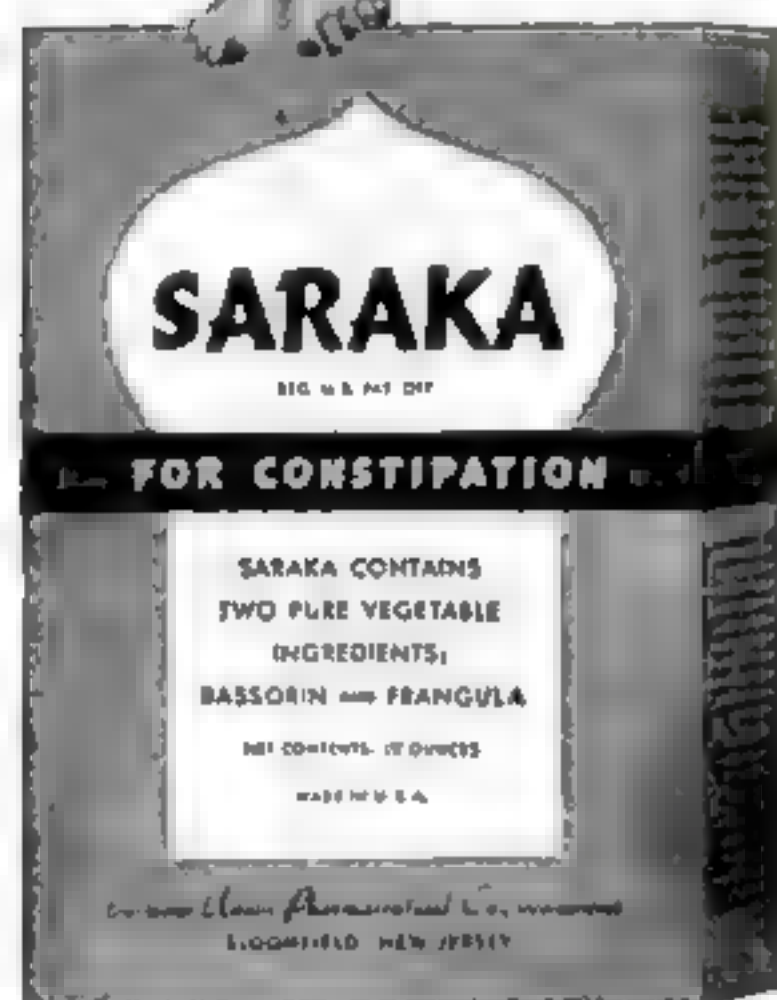
Another vegetable product encourages your intestinal muscles to keep waste products *in motion*.

So you see, Saraka gives you BULK *plus* MOTILITY. The ideal laxative combination!

Mild and Thorough—No Purging

With Saraka, results are so nearly natural that most people have no sensation of ever having taken a laxative.

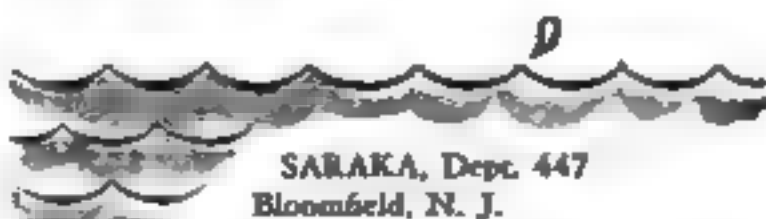
There's no purging action, or violent irritation to whip intestinal muscles into action . . . no weakening after-effect.



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If you lack time for healthful exercise, and find you're constipated . . . you owe it to yourself to try Saraka. Get a package today, at any drug counter. Or, if first you'd like a sample, mail the coupon.



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KING OF THE COWBOYS CONTINUED

I crawled in quickly. "Wait a minnit there, man," Crosby said angrily. "Take off them clothes; yore not goin' to dirty up muh blanket." My shirt and jeans were a good deal cleaner than the blanket, but I took them off and dove in nude, though the temperature was almost freezing. At 4 a.m., while the stars were still shining, I awoke suddenly and found myself on the bare ground. Crosby had jerked the blanket out from under me. "We gotta git up," he announced. "People die in bed."

Crosby spent the next three days preparing for his impending roping matches. To train his horse Powderhorn he tied one end of his rope to a 700-pound log and the other end to the horn of his saddle. He then spurred the horse forward. When the end of the rope was reached, horse and rider received an impact comparable to the jolt sustained when a roped steer is jerked from its feet. Crosby was thrown to the ground at least half-a-dozen times. In one fall his left leg was sprained. He half hobbled, half hopped to the ranch house, 100 yards away, where he treated the sprained member with his favorite medication, a mysterious concoction called simply "hot salve," and which he says is "hotter'n a .45 after a battle on the border."

Just before sundown on the last day of my visit 12 wild Mexican steers and two horses were loaded into a big truck-trailer which took them 120 miles to Fort Sumner, scene of Crosby's next steer-roping match. He then hitched a short trailer to an Army reconnaissance car and loaded in three more horses. Instead of following the big truck along the highway, Crosby struck out across open pasture land. "Ah'm goin' as the crow flies," he explained. "It's only 90 miles that way."

Riding inside that truck was like riding the hurricane deck of a bronc. We bounced and jounced across gullies and ravines, traveling more than half the time at a 45° angle. Now and then Crosby would jump out, squint at the North Star and mutter, "Yep, we're on the right track now." We passed through at least 100 barbed-wire gaps. I always got out to open the gaps, and Crosby never gave me time to return to my seat. After every gap I had to dash for the car, grasp the side of the cab as Crosby sped along in high gear and swing myself aboard like a rodeo trick rider. Eventually I suggested that he might at least allow me to get one foot inside. He only grunted, "Anybody can be slow," and that was that.

With the aid of Providence we reached Fort Sumner a bit after midnight. It was biting cold, so I proposed we sleep in a tourist cabin or something with a roof overhead. Crosby looked at me disdainfully. "Man, yuh musta been smokin' marriwanna," he said. "Thought yuh was a Texan." We slept back of the grandstand on the rodeo grounds.

It is unlikely that Crosby will ever die in bed. "Ah was born on a hoss," he has often said, "and Ah want to die on a hoss." For the King of the Cowboys that would be a glorious death.

CROSBY'S RIGHT LEG has been broken five times. On last occasion doctors wanted to amputate, but Crosby treated infection with cow-manure poultice.



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EVERY INCH
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BATTLEFIELDS OF EUROPE

A "LIFE" ARTIST PAINTS THE WAR'S MEMORABLE PLACES

Little more than a year ago today the last battle flag of World War II was furled in Europe. After the battles had passed by the devastated land, a profound silence covered the battlefields; the dust of disuse settled over them. Already the austere glaze of history has touched the once ordinary places where the great battles were fought. The hills and the hedgerows and the ruined houses have now become a part of the American memory. Shortly after the fighting had stopped LIFE sent Artist Ogden Pleissner to Europe to paint the places where Americans had fought before time and the patient work of men had removed all the harsh reminders of battle and before memory had made monuments of the battlefields.

Artist Pleissner, whose paintings of war in the Aleutians and France have already appeared in LIFE (May 22, 1944 and Jan. 8, 1945), traveled through France, Belgium, Germany and Italy. During his trip he saw some places that looked like Kansas, other places that looked like Wyoming and other places that looked like nothing else on earth. Near the city of St. Lô in Normandy there were only crows that flew around slowly and endlessly in the sky overhead and disdained to touch the ruined land. Because the battles followed strange, uncertain paths, there were smiling farmlands and untouched towns, which had been by-passed by the armies, that sat timelessly alongside the ugly battlefields. "In some of these places," Pleissner said, "it would have been much easier for the people to move somewhere else and start to build all over again." But, as always before when war had scarred their land, the people of Europe soon came back to their homes after the battles and began the long, dreary work of rebuilding.

The armies themselves often took the lead in reclaiming the devastated

land and repairing the buildings. Along the invasion beaches they uprooted and detonated live mines, sometimes using German prisoners of war for the work. There even today broken old freighters and smashed landing craft still clutter the shores and at low tide children play in the boats at imaginary games of war. But little by little the insistent waves batter away at the wreckage until it gives up the uneven battle and, piece after piece, disappears into the sea.

On the farms of Europe rusting armor and sightless guns bar the way of farmers' plows. But all around the wreckage the work of planting goes on. In too many places—among the hedgerows of Normandy, the concrete blocks of the Siegfried Line and the well-blooded soil of Belgium—are the rich, red poppies that seem to grow so well where men have died. Dotting all the foreign countryside are the familiar road signs Americans put up wherever they went. Anzio still has its Americanized streets like O'Brien Alley, Anzio Road and Liberty Street. Outside the once fashionable villas and ponderous palaces, which were division and battalion command posts during the battles, people have left the American insignia. Everywhere there are cemeteries crowning the fields of battle. There are 40 American cemeteries in Europe, but none on German soil. These are tended with great care by nameless friends of the American dead. At Epinal in France an aging French veteran looks after the graves, growing flowers with which to decorate them in little homemade hothouses. In Luxembourg children who remember their carefree GI friends have "adopted" the graves of American soldiers. And in Holland neat Dutch housewives are writing to people in America to tell them they are caring for the graves of their dead sons.

THE DEAD

On the battlefield of St. Lô, after the fighting, Artist Pleissner sketched a GI checking dog tags of dead Americans

at Isigny Army cemetery. He is fastening one dog tag to stick which will serve as temporary cross. Cemeteries were often established on battlefields where men fell.





SALERNO First Allied landings in Europe came Sept. 9, 1943, 35 miles from Naples at Salerno (*above*) where beach houses and a beach lined the fine Tyrrhenian Sea. The Germans, strongly entrenched in the hills, fought furiously. But reinforcements poured in and the sands became stained with their blood. After two days the GIs took the town. Now the beach houses and cliffs are back again, and the sands are washed of blood by the sea.

ANZIO On Jan. 22, 1944, Allied troops landed below Rome in this gully (*below*) and fought and held some of the fiercest opposition. Then the Germans began to pour artillery fire on them, almost throwing them back into the sea. After eight days the Allies had gained only six miles in some places. For months they were confined to an area so small almost every spot was hit with artillery. Not until June 4 did they reach Rome. When there was no room for more soldiers, houses,



August 1946
By John H. Johnson



OMAHA BEACH The litter of invasion—a few wrecked boats, the remains of barbed wire and some shreds of mines—sits heavily on the sands near Colleville-sur-Mer where the second front started (*above*). On June 6, 1944 invading Americans inched their way to the edge of the bluffs. Atop the bluffs the Germans, with concealed machine guns and heavy artillery, pounded Omaha Beach until it became the bloodiest beach in Normandy.

ST. LÔ This strategic rail center, fiercely defended by German paratroopers, corked up the Normandy bottleneck for almost two months. In eight days of bitter fighting the Americans hurled their troops and their bombers against the town. When they broke through, U.S. armor swept clear across France. St. Lô went down in history as a great battlefield. But all there was left to remind the town of its greatness was this cathedral (*below*) standing in a pile of its own rubble.





HÜRTGEN FOREST In September 1944 American soldiers pushed into Germany through the gloomy, mysterious world of misshapen fir trees that was once the lovely forest of Hürtgen Forest. They emerged after a ten-week-long battle of attrition, hand-to-hand fighting. Enemy Sherman tanks sit wrecked and rusted and the splintered trees and twisted towers and beams in the forest edge are cyclized to dust.

BASTOGNE When Nazi panzers swept across the Ardennes and into Belgium in December 1944 they pressed down the 101st Airborne and parts of the 9th and 2nd Airborne Divisions at Bastogne (below). On Dec. 22 they gave the Americans and the British General McAuliffe two hours to surrender. "Nuts!" answered McAuliffe. The next morning the Belgian town of Persuac found the church among the ruins of the town.





REMAGEN BRIDGE

Americans from the 9th Armored division first crossed the Rhine at this fa-

mous Ludendorff railroad bridge, near Cologne, 40 minutes before the Germans started to blow it up on March 7, 1945. Ten days later, partially weakened by German bombs,



trons and bombs, it collapsed into the river, leaving this mass of twisted girders and mangled rubble. But the surprise capture of the huge Blaine bridge was one of the truly

great and dramatic moments of the war, one which was thoroughly exploited by the Americans, who quickly poured troops over a temporary bridgehead on the eastern side.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

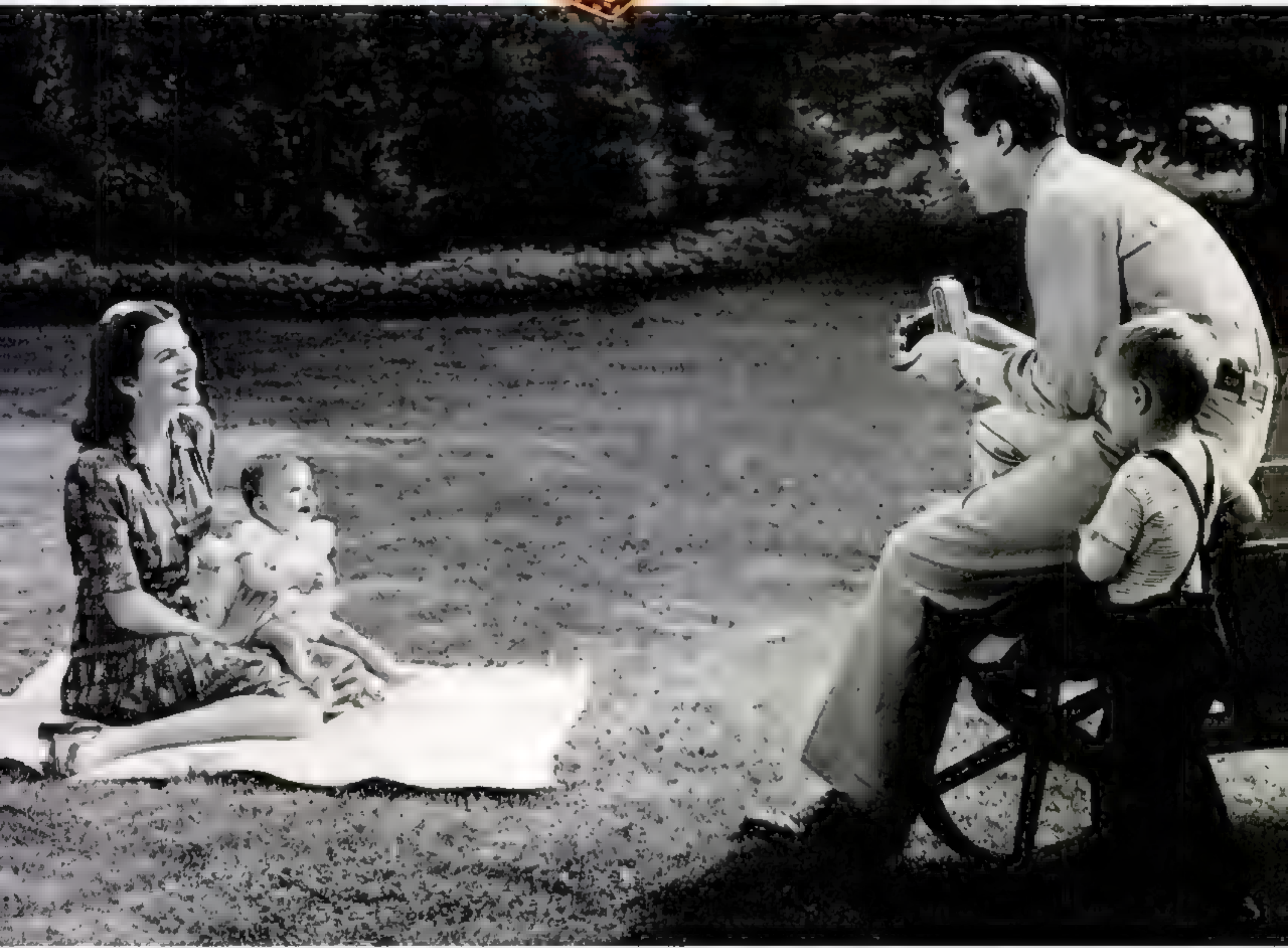


SIEGFRIED LINE In September 1944 the Americans neared Aachen in the Rhineland. Guarding the city was the Siegfried Line, whose deep ranks of dragon's teeth and pillboxes stretched for 100 miles across the farmland. But the line was not so tough as the GIs had feared. In mid-September they first penetrated it east of the city, near the place shown above. By October the city, surrounded and shelled into submission, was in Allied hands.

REIMS SCHOOL The Germans surrendered in their former headquarters, in the Ecole Technique near the Reims railroad yard (below). Artist Plessner found white-helmeted MPs standing guard outside the red brick schoolhouse. The Frenchmen who were working in the rail yard were giving hardly a look at the school, and spectators were watching the work of repair in the yard rather than the building where history had been made.



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ROCKET MOTOR

Navy tests power plant which may push airplanes faster than sound

Near the end of the war in Europe, U.S. heavy bombers were sometimes surprised by German rocket fighters which hurtled through their formations at speeds greater than 600 mph. Last month the Navy revealed that the U.S. has developed a rocket motor for airplanes which is even more powerful than those used by the Germans. Its purpose: to propel an unspecified Navy plane faster than the speed of sound or more than 700 mph.

Developed for the Navy by Reaction Motors, Inc. of Pompton Plains, N. J., the new motor converts the heat energy of its propellants into energy of motion with a minimum of machinery. Like V-2, it burns alcohol and liquid oxygen, derives its power from the fierce flame of their combustion. Weighing 210 pounds, the new motor can generate 8,000 horsepower at 400 mph, roughly the equivalent of the five tons of engines in a B-29.



REGENERATIVE MOTOR is cooled by passing fuel between its combustion chamber and outer jacket. The concentrated combustion of such rockets is produced

by feeding oxygen directly to the fuel in various ways. The Navy-Reaction Motors rocket's alcohol and pure oxygen is only one of many combinations of fuel and oxidizer.

REGENERATIVE MOTOR IS A BASIC ROCKET PRINCIPLE

Because the flame of a liquid-fuel rocket is hot enough to melt steel, cooling the walls of combustion chambers is a fundamental problem of rocket design. The principle which solves this problem is the regenerative motor, illustrated above. In regenerative motors the rocket fuel is circulated

around the combustion chamber before it is burned, cooling the walls of the chamber just as water cools the cylinder walls of an automobile engine. At the same time the motor "regenerates," i.e., heats the incoming fuel so it will burn more easily when it enters the combustion chamber.



FIRING INTO TEST PIT, the rocket motor is fed by big tanks of alcohol and oxygen. The long tank in the center contains alcohol. At right is oxygen tank. Behind

them are bottles of nitrogen which keep both tanks under pressure. Fitted to an airplane, the rocket would lift only enough fuel for a few minutes of powered flight.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78



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Rocket Motor CONTINUED



MOTOR IS CONTROLLED from panel near the test stand. Cylinders are run in several different combinations to obtain different amounts of power.



SMALL ROCKET MOTOR is run on Reaction Motors' indoor test stand. Motor is mounted so that its backward thrust during test can be measured.



MOTOR WAS DESIGNED by Franklin Pierce, John Shesta and James H. Wyld with Lovell Lawrence (not shown), who founded Reaction Motors, Inc.

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JENNIFER
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LOVE...



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ERNST LUBITSCH

Produced and Directed by

• Screen Play by Samuel Hoffenstein and Elizabeth Reinhardt • Based on the Novel by Margery Sharp

20th
 CENTURY-FOX

DANCE



VALENTINA LOPOUKHINA AND PARTNER GALUBIN DANCE PART OF A PAS DE TROIS

"SWAN LAKE" AT THE BOLSHOI

Ballet in Moscow has not changed since the czars



ON THE HUGE STAGE OF MOSCOW'S BOLSHOI THEATER A TYPICAL PERFORMANCE

Russia's revolution has brought about many changes. But one thing it has failed to budge even so much as the width of a twinkling ankle is the Russian attitude toward Russia's favorite art form, the ballet. Today, in Moscow's magnificently ornate Bolshoi Theater, muzhiks, commissars and Red Army generals yell themselves hoarse with ecstatic approval at the filmy, romantic ballet spectacles especially designed for the aristocratic tastes of the court of the late Czar Nicholas. In the 1920s earnest Bolshevik choreographers attempted



ALEXEI YERMOLAYEV AND GALINA ULANOVA, BOTH "PEOPLE'S ARTISTS," ARE EXTRAORDINARY TECHNICIANS



MARINA SEMYONOVA (SHOWN DANCING WITH KONDRATOV)



OF "SWAN LAKE" REQUIRES MORE THAN A HUNDRED TOP-FLIGHT BALLET DANCERS

for a time to modernize Russian taste with ballets depicting workers with red flags and upraised fists. They got nowhere. Russians like their ballerinas in tights and *tutu*, sensibly prefer to see them dance graceful, athletic fairy tales with sentimental 19th Century music by Peter Ilych Tchaikovsky.

Russia's perennial ballet hit is Tchaikovsky's classic *Swan Lake*, a fairy-tale ballet whose steps were standardized in 1894 by the great master of the Imperial Ballet, Marius Petipa. The pictures on these pages give Americans their



BLONDE AND FRAGILE LOPOUKHINA IS THE BOLSHOI'S FAVORITE GLAMOUR GIRL

first ponderable glimpse of *Swan Lake* at the Bolshoi Theater. With an elegance of costume and scenery unmatched anywhere else in the world, *Swan Lake* lasts three hours, employs 32 beautifully trained "swans" and a cast of principals any one of whom is said to outdance the finest ballerinas of Europe and America. The Bolshoi troupe, many of whose members bear the official Soviet titles, Honored Artist and People's Artist, is chosen from the cream of the Soviet ballet schools whose curricula demand years of specialized training.



IS RUSSIA'S GREATEST ORTHODOX CLASSICAL BALLERINA



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When little cracks or slits appear
Upon a window shade,
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Texcel mends
securely—
the "stickum's"
bonded on!

Did Johnny crack a window pane
And run away in haste?
Some Texcel holds the glass intact
Till it can be replaced.

And if you cut the oilcloth through
While carving up the meat,
Just stick some Texcel underneath
To hold it tight and neat.

(Texcel won't creep loose—
the "stickum's"
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Yes, Texcel is the tape whose "stickum's"
Bonded on to stay.
It won't dry out, it won't fall off,
It holds for many a day.

To get this improved tape, however,
You want to make quite sure—
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"TARAS BULBA," based on a story by the great Russian author, Nikolai Gogol, is a comparatively modern ballet. But Muscovites rate it far below *Swan Lake*. Costumed with Cossack exuberance, it offers Dancer Farmanyants (above) an opportunity for display of his almost incredible athletic prowess.



BOXES AT THE BOLSHOI, which is to Moscow what the Metropolitan Opera House is to New York, are lavishly festooned with old-fashioned gilt and plush ornament. The house was built in 1825, seats 3,000. Seats are distributed in blocks to trade unions. Choice seats are reserved for Red Army officers.

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Always serve chilled. Add twist of lemon peel, if you like. Grand before, after or between meals.



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DUBONNET MANHATTAN

One-half Dubonnet. One-half rye or bourbon. One dash bitters. Stir with ice. Strain. Add a cherry.



MERRY WIDOW

One-half Dubonnet. One-half dry vermouth. Stir with ice. Strain and add a twist of lemon peel.

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THE TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON ARE MARTHA CHANDLER (JUNE ALLYSON), A PROPER LADY, AND ABIGAIL CHANDLER (KATHRYN GRAYSON), A SALOON SINGER

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

Two Sisters from Boston

Low comedy is mingled with opera
in a gay musical of the Gay '90s

It sounds hard to conjure up a movie meshing the talents of two girls as pretty as Kathryn Grayson and June Allyson and two men as unromantic as Lauritz Melchior and Jimmy Durante. But Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has done so gracefully and with a minimum of fuss in a pleasantly silly little musical called *Two Sisters from Boston*.

In the title roles are Soprano Grayson and Ingenue Allyson, who is now trying to forget that the Harvard *Lampoon* churlishly labeled her showing in *Her Highness and the Bellboy* the worst female performance of 1945. The former plays the daughter of a proud Boston family who becomes a barroom singer in New York while trying to crash the Metropolitan Opera. Miss Allyson, the

one girl in Hollywood who is really cuter than a bug's ear, is the prim younger sister who becomes an actress, too.

Comedy is provided by the cucumber-nosed Durante, with Melchior as a capably oafish straight man. Together, the clowns maneuver Grayson into the Met and Allyson into the embraces of a young man of wealth (Peter Lawford).

Even its Gay '90s setting cannot save the story of *Two Sisters from Boston* from seeming clumsy and drawn-out. The film stands up because of a lot of buffoonery by the principals and half-a-dozen comedy songs sung in music-hall style by Grayson and Durante. Best number: *If You're Ever Down by the Ocean (Won't You Please Drop In?)*.

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ABIGAIL TELLS MARTHA that she has been earning a living by singing in a Bowery tavern. They try to figure out how Abby can get a job at the Met.



ABBY DANCES with Spike (Jimmy Durante). He wangles her a chorus job at the Met where she becomes the leading lady to the company's star tenor



MARTHA DANCES in Abby's place to deceive the opera about Abby's former career. This endangers Martha's romance but she finally gets her man.

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**MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES**



CONTINUED ON PAGE 88



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Easy does it

when you fly
the new Stinson Voyager 150



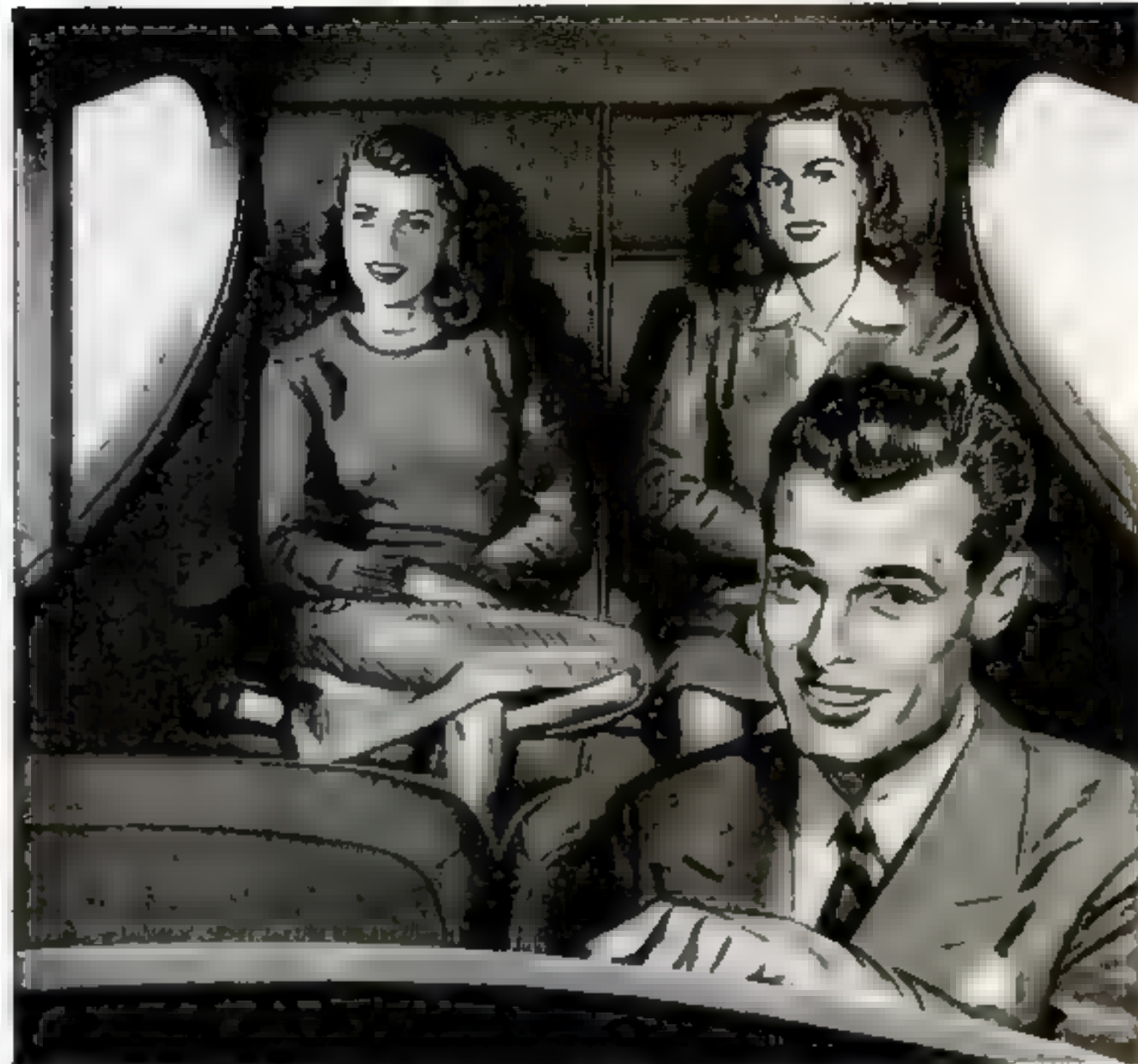
You'll arrive refreshed, ready for work or play, when you fly there in the Voyager 150. You won't need paved runways at your journey's end, either. Almost any small field or pasture will do to land or take off in this "fly-anywhere" plane.

PERFORMANCE MAKES THE VOYAGER 150 A "FLY-ANYWHERE" PLANE

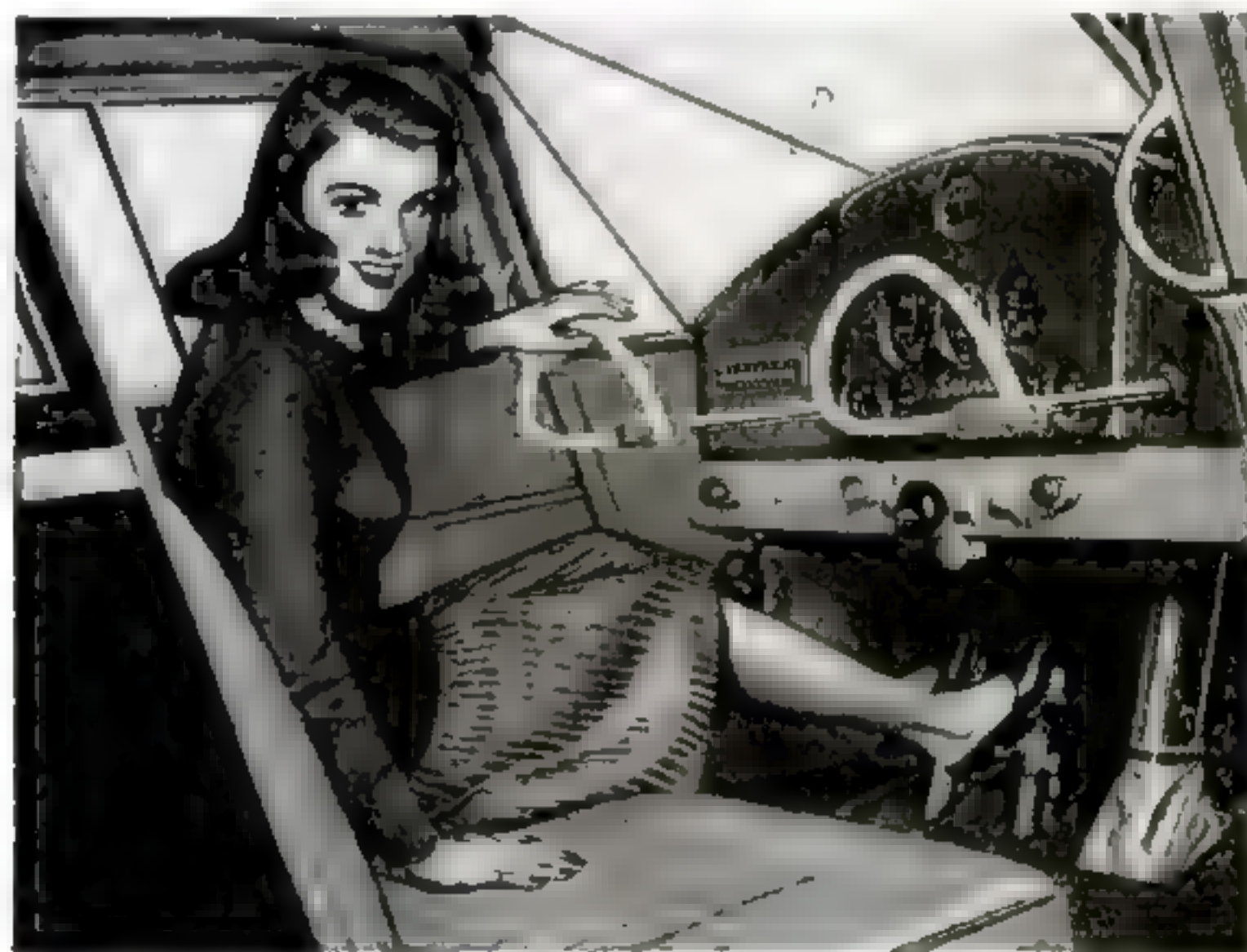
Powered by a 4-cylinder, 150-horsepower engine, the Voyager 150 carries pilot and 3 passengers, has a gross weight of 2150 pounds. Here's what it will do easily:

| | |
|--|------------|
| Maximum speed | 133 m.p.h. |
| Cruising speed (75% power at 6000 ft.) | 125 m.p.h. |
| Maximum range | 500 miles |
| Rate of climb | 770 f.p.m. |
| Service ceiling | 14,000 ft. |
| Take-off at sea level | 550 ft. |
| Landing run | 230 ft. |

See the Voyager 150 at your local Stinson dealer's. Or write for a free illustrated brochure to Stinson Division, Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation, Wayne, Michigan.



When you settle back into the richly upholstered, adjustable seat you'll say, "Here's real luxury and comfort!" What's more, the cabin has controlled ventilation and Fiberglas soundproofing. Low noise level permits use of cabin-dome loudspeaker—makes radio earphones unnecessary.



It's fun to fly a plane that's so easy to handle, so responsive to the controls, even at low flying speeds! The Voyager 150 has the weight, power, and inherent stability that give it a "solid" feeling usually not found in personal planes.

Manufactured under Civil Aeronautics Administration
Type Certificate Number 707

Stinson

EASY TO BUY... EASY TO FLY

Why miss out on comfort-in-action?

GINNY:

*I can't walk
another step. Glory,
what I'd give for
real comfort
on days like these!*



MOLLIE:

*Why Ginny—
haven't you discovered
Modess? There's
nothing softer for my
money! And it's so
safe and dainty, too!*

When you discover the soft-as-a-cloud comfort of Modess—you'll see why more and more up-and-coming gals say, "There's nothing like Modess for me!"

That special, gentle softness! That real comfort-in-action! They're why Modess makes such a world of difference!

Modess' famous safety features really hush away your worries, too. That triple, full-length safety shield is your safeguard against accidents!

And so dainty! Modess has a fine triple-proved deodorant—sealed in every

downy-soft napkin. A grand new confidence aid that you'll welcome!

Costs no more! So, enjoy all the extras that makes Modess America's luxurious sanitary napkin.



"Two Sisters from Boston" CONTINUED

MELCHIOR MAKES OLD-TIME RECORDING

The turn-of-the-century setting of *Two Sisters from Boston* permits the inclusion of a funny scene in which Lauritz Melchior illustrates the difficulties endured by such early recording artists as Caruso and Tetrassini in the primitive stages of the phonograph. To project varying degrees of sound and emotion Melchior dashes toward or backs away from the recording horn. When the resulting record is played the movie then inaccurately suggests how a famous trademark came into being.



LAURITZ MELCHIOR sings under the guidance of nervous sound expert. Equipment is so weak that musicians must run up close for crescendo effects.



MELCHIOR'S DOG lies patiently by his master while he waits to hear the record. When it is played the dog is mystified and searches for hidden voice.



DOG SITS beside phonograph. One of the workmen remarks, "His master's voice," thus suggesting trademark and slogan of Victor Talking Machine Co.

"Krene" is Queen!

There are plastic products and plastic products...but, of them all, "Krene" is Queen. The makers of "Krene" products are trail blazers in the plastics field...and their tremendous experience in handling this material pays *you* dividends in the exceptional beauty, durability, and versatility of "Krene" brand products. To get the utmost that plastic can give you, be sure you're getting the Queen of plastics!

Sovereign of the Kitchen

"Krene" brand aprons run all the way from down-to-earth (but always pretty) kitchen aprons like the one below to the gay (but so practical) cocktail tidbit shown at left below. "Krene" aprons are all "Krene" plastic...no fabric binding you'd have to wash. They never need ironing, and most spots wipe off! Many styles, colors, patterns.

Apron Majesty

Engineering and fashion brains have joined to make "Krene" aprons triumphs of practicality and beauty. What other plastic aprons have spot welding at points of strain...brilliantly contrived plastic rings that make many "Krene" aprons adjustable...the filmy ruffling and dressmaker details of so many "Krene" styles? Every "Krene" apron is inspected.



LIVES UP
TO ITS LOOKS

"Krene" brand plastic products are designed and fabricated by the people who "grew up" with the plastic. That's why they live up to their looks...why it pays to look for the "Krene" trade-mark, for beautiful things, beautifully made.

The Royal Family of Color

Oriental Pearl
Sunshine Yellow
Peachbloom
Dusty Rose
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South Sea Green
Moonlight Blue
Apple Green
Liberty Red
Cool Black
Turquoise
Wine
Dusty Orchid
Royal Blue
and many other subtle "fashion" shades



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Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation



"Krene" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

Shower curtains and bathroom window curtains may be in your department store now. Aprons, kitchen window curtains, and many beautiful and useful products are on the way.

Just the



Harvesting Hops for the Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous. In brewing America's most distinguished beer, just the *best* of the hops is used to give you that inimitably delicate flavor found only in Schlitz.

THE

Kiss of the Hops...

not the harsh bitterness



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BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Deepfreeze

TRADE-MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

the talked-about home freezer



Opens at the top . . .
cold can't spill out
and isn't it a clean,
white beauty!

If he wants fish, if he wants
meat, if he wants biscuits, pie,
soup, orange juice, cake, straw-
berries, ice cream, or asparagus—
why just reach in the Deepfreeze
and suit his (or your) fancy.

More food—more kinds of food—better
food—in your home at all times, at
lower cost.

Shop only when you feel like it. Buy
in quantity when prices are right, and
eat when you please.

Big enough for a large family, yet
good business for even a family of two
(more than 9 cubic feet—and every
inch for food; holding more than 320
pounds). Costs no more to run than
an ordinary electric refrigerator.

Yes—Deepfreeze is the leader in this
modern age of home freezing. More
units already in use (the proved home
freezer). Most talked-about for what
it will do.

For the small
home and where
space is limited,
the economy-size
Deepfreeze with
more than 125
pounds capacity.

For more facts, please
send us your name,
address, and telephone
number. We will
write us direct.



Look for the Deepfreeze logo on the front of the unit. The logo is a stylized 'D' with the word 'Deepfreeze' inside it. The logo is located on the front of the unit, just below the top opening.



KEISER DRIVES at the 367-yard second hole, the ball landing 230 yards out in the rough between the

traps (upper right). In order to get ball back into position for a clean, straight shot at the green he was forced

to waste a stroke. Par for the hole is 4; Keiser scored 5. Picture shows end of his orthodox, full-length swing.

HERMAN KEISER

Winner of the Masters Golf Tournament tries his skill on the toughest course in the world

When they learned that Herman Keiser had won the stiff Masters Golf Tournament, U.S. golf lovers batted their eyes in astonishment. They had never even heard of Keiser. A low-ranking, unspectacular player throughout the stiff winter circuit, Keiser had stepped up and defeated Ben Hogan, Byron Nelson and Sam Snead in the last tournament of the winter season. Some said that the win was a fluke. Others, who checked the records, found that Keiser, ex-Navy petty officer and professional at the Firestone Country Club at Akron, Ohio, had a steady game which had won him the Iowa State Open in 1938 and the Miami Four Ball in 1942. After years of hard, careful work he was due to win.

Last fortnight the Pine Valley Golf Club invited the new Masters champion to New Jersey to measure his skill on the most difficult course in the world. A crazy quilt of sand traps, Scotch pine, water holes, tall trees and dog-legs, Pine Valley has no parallel fairways and no out-of-bounds. It was completed in 1918 and in its first 21 years only one man equaled par 70. Since then par has been broken a few times. The official course record is now 68. On their first visits to the course Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen scored 76, Byron Nelson scored 75 and Harold McSpadden, 74. The pictures on these pages show Keiser's performance on his first visit. Going out, he scored 41 for nine holes, 6 over par. On the second nine he steadied and, though it rained during the last five holes, scored 36, one over par, for a total of 77.



HERMAN KEISER chews on a tee while waiting his turn to drive. A tall, taciturn Missourian, his slow, calculating disposition keeps him from going to pieces under pressure.

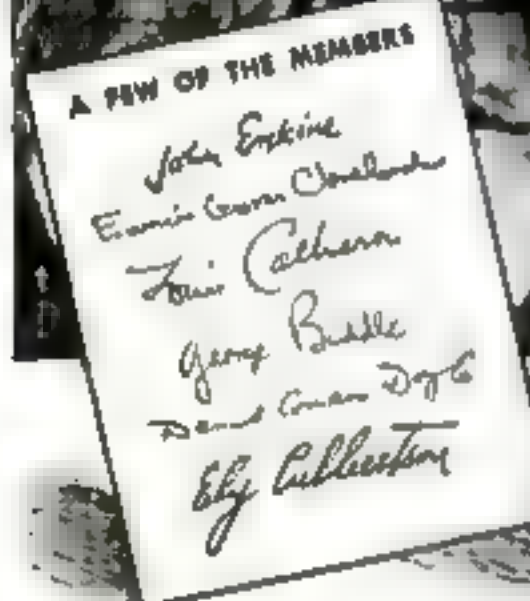


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You're in good company when you use Aqua Velva. It's the world's most popular after-shave lotion—the favorite of well-groomed men everywhere.

The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn., makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.



Preferred the world over

VAT 69

*-the finer-tasting
Scotch Whisky!*

Quality Tells

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Herman Keiser CONTINUED



OFF THE FAIRWAY on the ninth hole, Keiser uses a No. 4 iron to get back in position. His ball was carried to a bad lie on this mound by a strong cross wind which blew his 250-yard drive to the right. Before selecting the



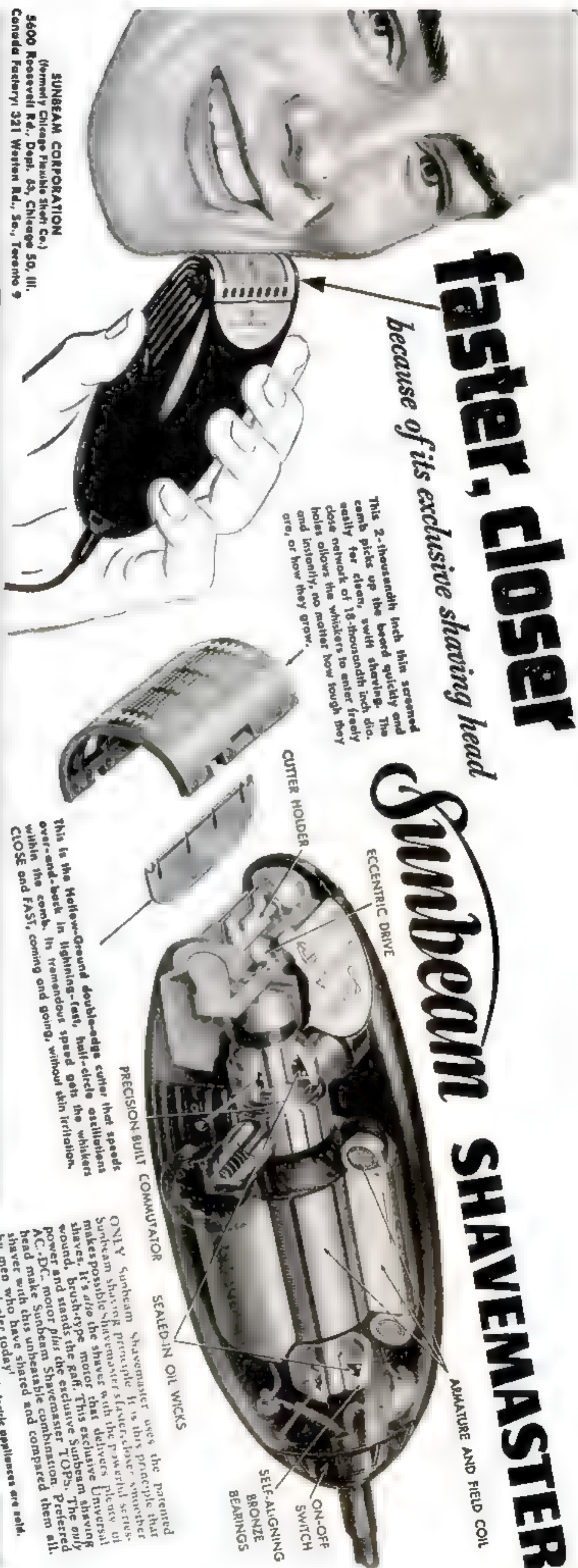
AT WATER HOLE Keiser's tee shot puts his ball on the green (background) in one shot. Two putts then gave him par for 169-yard hole. The water lies around three sides of the green and once, when dredged, yielded 15,000 balls.



iron he took a No. 4 wood from his bag, wagged it back and forth and discarded it. His iron shot scuffed a little under the ball, which landed only 30 feet away. This bobble upset him slightly and he scored a 6, 2 over par.

PITCH SHOT is made from the edge of a trap on the 18th hole. The ball went cleanly (note blurred line), landed 100 yards away on the green. The bent-forward position of Keiser's body indicates the terrific power of shot.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



SUN-GLARE MAKES YOU SQUINT!
...CAUSES EYESTRAIN!

...HAMPERS VISION!

NEW POLAROID VISOR MAKES DAY-DRIVING EASY ON YOUR EYES



This new scientific visor really stops reflected sun glare. It's the new POLAROID® Day-Driving VISOR. Not just another colored shield. It controls and selects light . . . blocks the glare . . . lets the useful light pass through!

The POLAROID Day-Driving VISOR removes the eyestrain and discomfort of driving on sunny days. You can install it yourself on the visor of your car in a few seconds without tools. A flick of your finger folds it up out of the way for night or cloudy-day driving.

Only \$4.95, you'll find the POLAROID Day-Driving VISOR the best auto accessory investment you've ever made. See it demonstrated at your local auto supply dealer or garage.

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DAY-DRIVING VISOR

A product of POLAROID Corporation

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Herman Keiser CONTINUED



KEISER FISHES in the water for ball which dropped in after badly aimed iron shot on the 16th hole. Here he took a 1-shot penalty, then sank an 80-foot chip shot for par 4. Lake lies along edge of the green on this 436-yard hole.



TYPICAL TERRAIN of the Pine Valley course is this area between tee and fairway on 6th hole. All courses have roughs, but Pine Valley also has large areas of sand, Scotch brush and pine which heavily penalize any topped drive.



KEISER SQUATS to study his putting line on the 12th hole, where he got his only below-par of the day—3 on a par-4 hole. The ball in foreground belongs to Club President John A. Brown, who played the course with Keiser.

Wake up.... and eat!

This breakfast that's golden-good
nutritious whole wheat

Put a real meal under your belt!

That's Nabisco Shredded Wheat—with all the glorious, natural flavor of whole wheat, with just as much nourishment as cooked cereal, without the bother of cooking! It's a rousing good bowlful of breakfast! The one cereal that tastes good served cold or hot. So be sure to eat Nabisco Shredded Wheat—the original Niagara Falls product—just the pure whole wheat... steamed... shredded... baked! A natural for a perfect breakfast!



One of the many fine foods
baked by Nabisco
National
Biscuit
Company



Delicious, ready to serve...
yet as nourishing as a hot cereal



PUBLIC MARKET, FOOT OF HIGH (NOW MARKET) STREET, PHILADELPHIA...ABOUT 1795*

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

"For the accommodation of such as bring provisions from Jersey, as well as our own inhabitants having occasion to buy"

... ORIGINAL COUNCIL RESOLUTION AUTHORIZING MARKET

History attests the rich abundance Nature lavished on Colonial Philadelphia. Forest, field and stream gave

bounteously, helping to set that high standard of hospitality for which our first Colonial capital was famed. A tradition worthily maintained today by Philadelphia Blend . . . "the heritage whisky." Rich yet mild and of superb flavor . . . you might justly reserve this noble whisky for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend . . . regularly and often.

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILA.

*From a Series of Historic Prints Designed for
"Philadelphia"—The Heritage Whisky—Famous Since 1894



THE IVYED CAMPUS OF LOS ANGELES' TUITION-FREE JUNIOR COLLEGE IS FILLED WITH STUDENTS WAITING TO GO TO CLASS

JUNIOR COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES TWO-YEAR SCHOOL IS BIGGEST IN THE U.S.

The junior college has always been the runt of the U.S. educational litter. Lying in the educational hierarchy between the high school and the senior college, it provides in its two-year course higher education for students who do not want to take the regular four-year college course. Until now it has been overshadowed by the more well-known and respected senior colleges and neglected by students and educators. Today, however, an overwhelming demand for more education has made the junior college the fastest-growing part of the

American educational structure. This demand has also subjected the junior college to its first big test. Never before has the junior college handled so many students or had so important a job to do.

Among U.S. junior colleges the biggest and best equipped is the municipally owned Los Angeles City College (above). To its coed campus come 4,500 students who pay no tuition, live in Los Angeles and travel to and from school every day. One third of the Los Angeles City College graduates go on to the last two years of senior college.

The rest go on to marriage and the business world.

Before World War I there were 100 junior colleges in the U.S. They taught only 5,000 students. By 1941 the number of such schools had increased to 600, their enrollment to 300,000. The war and the loss of manpower forced more than 100 to shut down. But the end-of-war boom in education has thrust the junior colleges into a new and respected position. They are giving a two-year college education to thousands of veterans who cannot get into overcrowded four-year colleges.



POLICE class trains students for Los Angeles force. Los Angeles police cooperate with and teach students, who take target practice twice weekly at Police Department range.



AIRLINE HOSTESSES are trained in serving food. Other aviation subjects, taught with the help of airlines, include grooming, airline traffic procedure and geography.

CURRICULUM IS MADE UP MOSTLY OF VOCATIONAL SUBJECTS

L.A.C.C., like most of the Western junior colleges, concentrates on vocational courses. It wants to graduate its students as trained, semiprofessional men and women, offers a wider selection of vocational courses than any other two-year college in the U.S. Although its students are allowed to take a few academic courses, like English, a foreign language and history, emphasis is placed on courses which will help them in some future trade or profession.

The college keeps its curriculum keyed to job opportunities. It canvasses the city, finds out what jobs are open, then, with the help of the Los Angeles businessmen, proceeds to establish courses

which will train students to take those jobs. Businessmen are frequently invited to teach these courses. Students whose programs are planned by commercial associations are usually guaranteed jobs when they graduate. The college watches the job markets very closely. If, for instance, experienced tellers were needed in the Los Angeles banks, a course for training tellers would be in the curriculum the very next semester.

The two years of study are divided into four semesters, called *alpha*, *beta*, *gamma* and *delta* to differentiate from the four-year colleges' yearly divisions. When a student registers at L.A.C.C. he picks his professional course and sticks to it for the full

two years. He then takes courses related only to his subject, gets little chance to study any others.

Students at L.A.C.C., unlike those at other municipal junior colleges, live and work in a completely collegiate atmosphere. Their campus covers about 26 acres in the center of Los Angeles; their 17 ivy-covered buildings are architecturally and functionally as good as most senior colleges. The athletic teams perform in a modern, well-built athletic field, compete with many senior colleges, have excellent records. The school works closely with the University of California, which helps arrange L.A.C.C. curriculum to give college-bound pupils a head start when they go to the university.



ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING class works on devices for electrical motors. Course turns out technicians who will work for electric companies or start own repair shops.



RADIO class for fourth-semester students teaches students radio production, news writing and programing. Students here have made most of their own radio equipment.



DENTAL ASSISTANTS look at X-ray negatives of fellow students' teeth. The two-year course is restricted to 50 girls, all of whom are virtually assured of dental jobs

which average \$49 a week. Students take courses in chemistry, physics, dietetics, dental etiquette, learn to be laboratory technicians, nurses, dental secretaries, receptionists.



ARCHERY class is part of course in recreational leadership, designed to produce public and private-school athletic teachers, camp counselors and city playground directors.



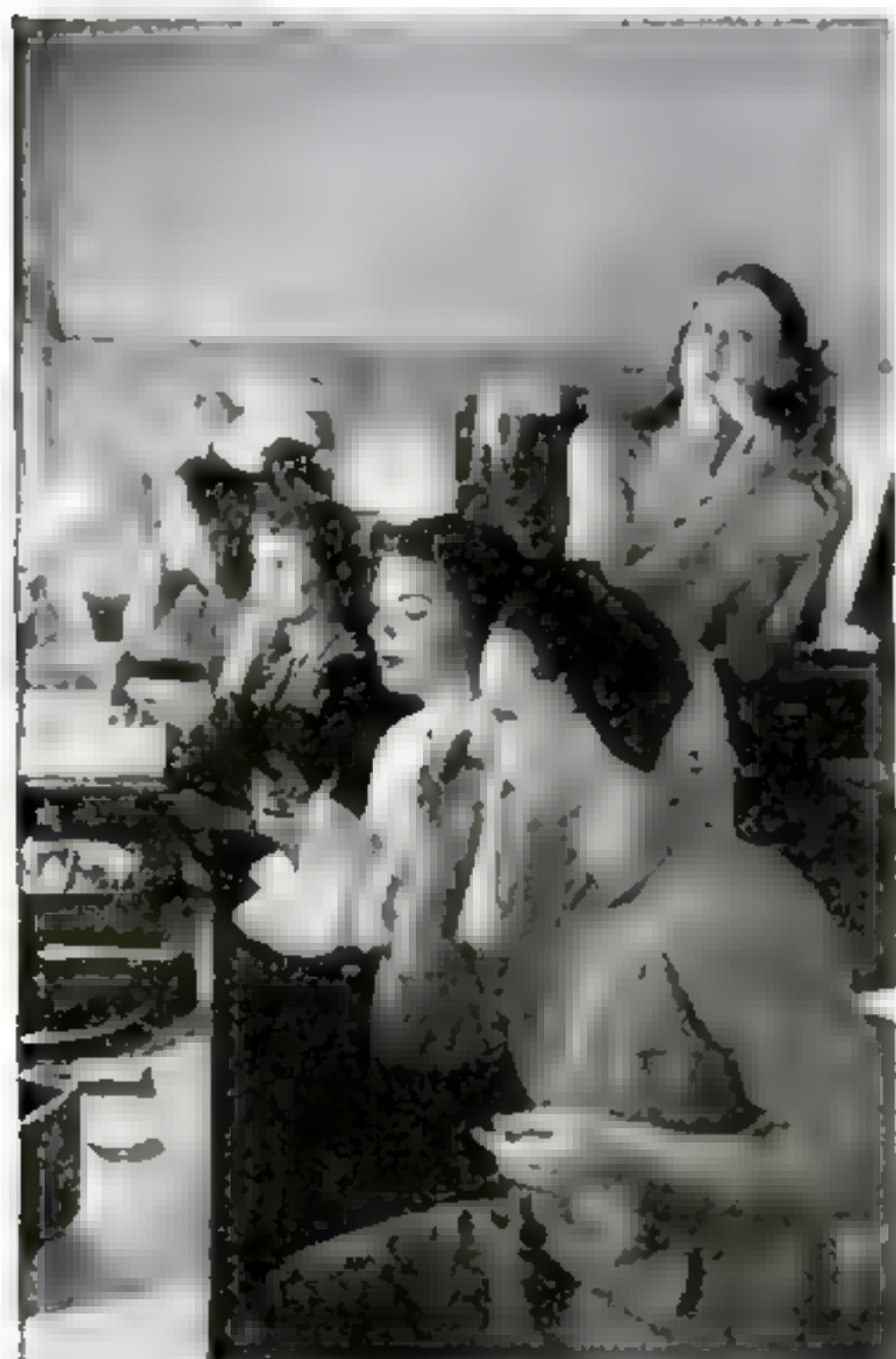
NURSING STUDENTS learn the art of bathing an infant by watching teacher use doll as model. Hospitals give these students preference when selecting student nurses.

THEY ARE YOUNG AND CAN MEET NEW CONDITIONS

Western junior colleges follow the course laid down by L.A.C.C.: a municipally supported school emphasizing practical and useful subjects. Eastern two-year colleges are usually private female finishing schools concentrating on cultural subjects. This division over practical vs. cultural education is a continuation of the more general controversy raging over the function of the U.S. high school (LIFE,

April 22). The decision reached in the high-school debate will shape and form the junior college.

New to the field, the junior college has few of the traditions which have graced the older senior college. To the junior college, in a time of educational transition, this lack of tradition is an advantage. With no ties to the past it is the most adaptable element in the entire American school structure.



DRAMA class girls make-up before giving *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. Hollywood scouts attend performances.



PHOTOGRAPHY class poses student Barbara O'Neill. They learn picture taking, lighting, lab work, enlarging.



BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION class, one of most popular in the schools, learns to use business machines.



Model poses for first-year art class whose students want to become commercial illustrators

America's Germany

Amid ruins the occupation army struggles to bring order out of the chaos the Nazis left behind

by JULIAN BACH JR.

These excerpts are from *America's Germany*, (Random House, \$3), the first book by an American on the progress of the U. S. occupation and on the lives that Americans are leading in Germany. It was written by Julian Bach Jr., an associate editor of LIFE who, as an Army lieutenant, spent six months in Germany after V-E Day. Of his book Secretary of War Patterson says, "It is the best account of what has happened since the surrender."

THROUGHOUT EUROPE today the state of any nation can most quickly be assessed by determining the availability and serviceability of its bicycles. Lacking gas, lacking cars, short more often than not of horses and carts, the best method of transport for which most Europeans can hope is a bicycle. With a bike a man can pedal to work; he can visit friends. In a very real sense he is no longer rooted to the immediate neighborhood but is free once more to enjoy all that life offers, if only within pedaling distance.

In France where bicycles have a value, not only for getting around, but also as a prop on which pretty girls sit and show off their legs, bikes are at a premium. On the black market they cost as much as \$220, but at least there is a price. In Holland, Denmark and Belgium the price is about the same. But it is an interesting and indicative fact about Germany that bicycles are priceless. There is no price. Except for stolen ones, they cannot be bought. They can be acquired only through exchange. The standard swap is ten pounds of fat or 600 cigarettes for a bike.

Germany in the Bicycle Age would be an entertaining act in the Human Comedy if the setting was not so drab and the characters not so dangerous. It is the embodiment of justice that Ribbentrop's foreign ministry should lie in ruins. It is equity that a German woman now bends over in the gutted Wilhelmstrasse, where for generations world domination was plotted in her behalf, and ties together bits of branches and sticks. But the entertainment value is lost when you suddenly realize that to a certain extent the future security of the world depends upon what happens to this woman.

In the suburbs of Aachen you watch a youngster, perhaps aged 6, goose-stepping back and forth by the road every time an Allied truck passes. He thinks he is being cute. You think so, too, until you remember that unless he is taught to stop goose-stepping, your son may be doing close-order drill.

At the Armed Forces Network Station in Berlin, six Germans with Ph.D. degrees and three others with master's degrees now work as technicians for 10¢ an hour. Obviously they are not working for the money—80¢ a day—but to earn a ration of potatoes and bread. Yet for a twist of fate it might have been they who perfected radar first or helped invent a German atom bomb.

There is a difference, however, between feeling sympathy and facing the facts. The facts of life in Germany are grim. It is our responsibility now to understand them. In essence they make life in Germany look like this:

FOOD—Near Hamburg, in a marshy plot of land, an elderly German in a business suit takes his cane and clubs a duck to death.

FUEL—Near Wiesbaden a German in dungarees is trying to retrieve a lump of coal that has fallen off a passing truck. Every time he steps out onto the main highway a jeep or truck comes along and forces him back. Finally, on the fourth attempt, he grabs the lump of coal and pockets it.



BY CHIPPED BRANDENBURGER GATE IN BATTERED BERLIN, BLACK

TRANSPORT—On the autobahn south of Kassel one afternoon there was an incongruous sight. Standing on the grassy midstrip was a tall, elderly German in a cutaway, spats and a silk top hat. As he was not dressed quite in keeping with the Bicycle Age I pulled up and asked him about the purpose of his rigging. He explained that he was on his way to a town miles away. "My son is getting married there tonight and I am trying to get a lift."

Cramps in the German belly

SOME GERMANS are starving, millions are suffering from malnutrition, while other millions are neither starving nor suffering. The reasons why there are starvation and malnutrition are simply explained. In peacetime the country as a whole was 85% self-sufficient in food. However, western Germany—or the area now comprising the Germanys of America, Britain and France—was only 60% to 70% self-sufficient. This deficit was made up by imports, especially food shipments from eastern Germany which normally produces 15% to 20% more food than the people living there consume. Eastern Germany, in other words, is the one surplus food-producing region; the only one in which, during even normal times, the people feed themselves. This area is now in the Russian zone or in Polish hands. No quantity of food has been shipped from there to the other zones in Germany. The Russians say that there is a food deficit in the area as a



MARKETEERS OFFER CIGARETS AND BINOCULARS FOR A BICYCLE, THE BEST MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION GERMANS CAN GET TODAY

result of German scorched-earth policies and months of devastating fighting. Besides, the Russians have their own food shortages at home, occasioned by the German invasions and occupations of both Poland and the U.S.S.R., and the Red Army forages off the land. Thus there has been no substantial movement of food from the normally surplus east to the always-lacking west.

In times of peace, with excellent transport and plenty of coal to manufacture artificial fertilizer and new farm implements, the Germans living in the U.S. zone might come closer to feeding themselves on a reduced but healthy ration. But this is not peace. It is the aftermath of a disastrous war. Transportation and coal are lacking, and there are 4,000,000 extra people living in the zone. Thus at just the moment when there is less food and transportation than ever, there are more mouths to feed.

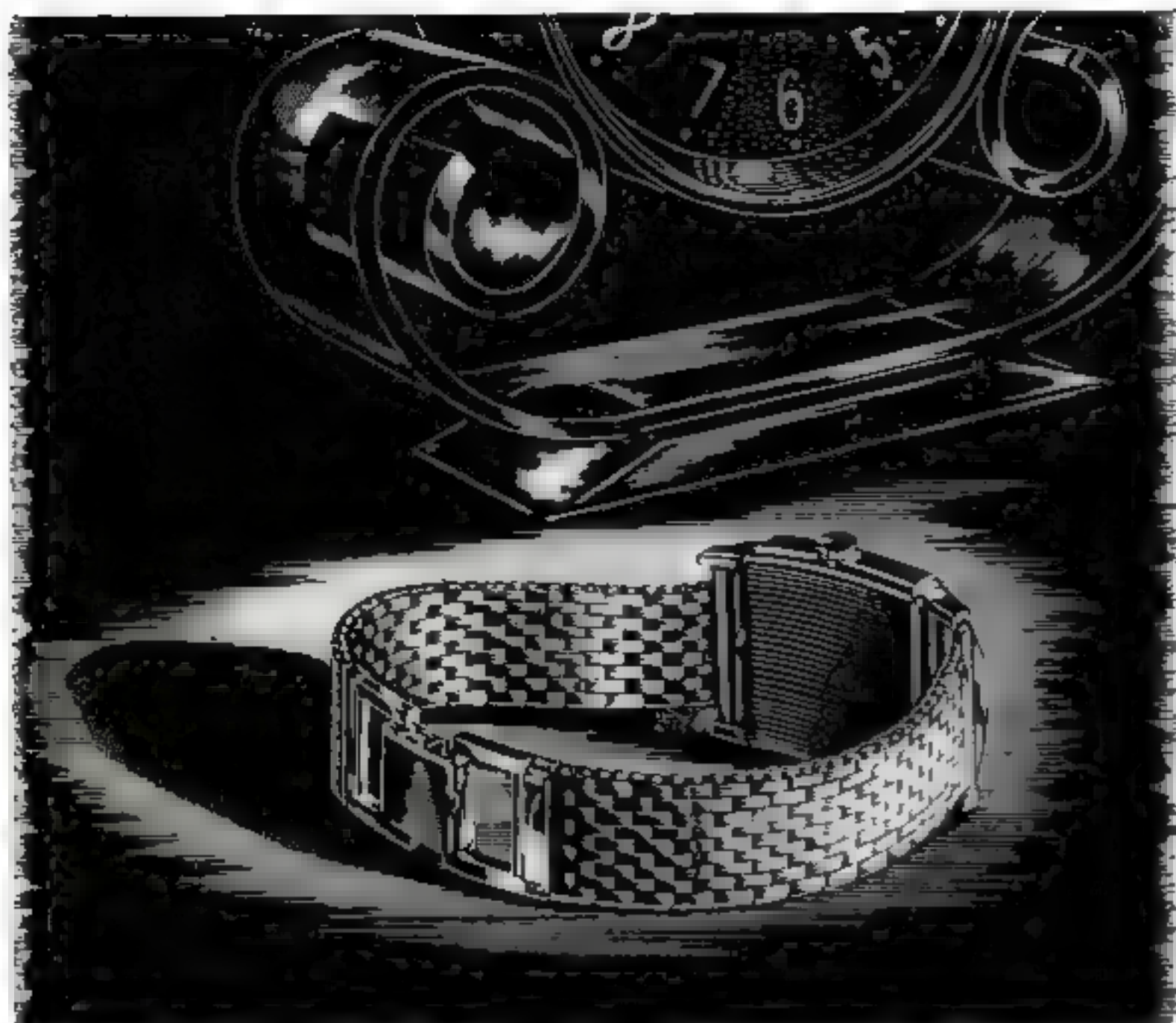
There are many people who would resolve the choice between importing food from outside Germany and starvation by letting the Germans starve. The position these people take is something like this. The only good German is a dead German. Starvation will kill off Germans. Therefore let the Germans starve. This view has perhaps never been more incisively expressed than in a letter which appeared in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*. The last paragraph said:

"It is funny that this same 'pitying of the Germans' which resulted in another war has not taught Americans a lesson. What does it matter if 20,000,000 Germans starve, whether their dangerous Hitler youth is

exterminated and replaced by other European youth? As Clemenceau said: 'There are 20,000,000 Germans too many.' Let us say now: 'There are 40,000,000 Germans too many' to prevent another war."

But anyone who sentences 40,000,000 people to death is not likely to bring peace to the world. It was decided on V-E Day, when the Germans surrendered without conditions, that the indiscriminate killing of Germans had ceased. Once it is decided that Germans by the million will no longer be killed, the assumption is that they will be permitted to live. As I see it, this is the most obvious fact about America's Germany. Perhaps, because it is so obvious, it is also the hardest for many people to accept suddenly. But that is the inevitable logic of events, and the sooner this fact is accepted, the sooner we shall readjust our own thinking so that we can put into being the Germany which the Big Three leaders decided upon at Potsdam.

For it was at Potsdam that it was decided, not only that the Germans should live, but how they should live and for what purpose. The "how" is that they shall live under a military occupation until such a future time as they represent no threat to peace and are themselves capable of pursuing a democratic and peaceful way of life. The "purpose" is to make the Germans themselves want to live at peace with the rest of the world. It is no longer profitable to devise new ways of killing them. This is especially true if they are to live today so that at some future tomorrow newer German generations can regain their moral status and rejoin the "fam-



NEVER BEFORE AT THIS PRICE!

Basketweave watch bands for men—formerly available only in 14 kt. solid gold at \$85—now gold-finished in enduring Kreisler quality, at this amazingly low price. At fine stores. \$12.50 plus Fed. tax.

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Creators of Watch Bands and Fashion Jewelry for Men and Women

Instant magic!
NEW

TRANSFORMING LIPSTICK

Pearls in Wine

\$1.00

If your favorite cosmetic counter hasn't yet received the new Transforming Pearls in Wine Lipstick, send \$1.00 plus 20% tax to The Armand Co., Des Moines, 6, Iowa.

...new kind of lip-
...stick - blends
...clear, beautiful, natural bri-
...liance. Stays on longer, without
...drying lips. Amazingly indelible.



A GERMAN KID, still imbued with nationalism, goose-steps in Aachen each time Allied troops drive by. The Allied soldiers do not think this is cute.

AMERICA'S GERMANY CONTINUED

ily of nations." Starvation, no matter how slow, is one of the least likely methods of achieving this end. Hungry people rarely make good democrats.

Thus, if the Germans are not to be faced each winter with starvation, food will have to be imported. We must brace ourselves psychologically to accept the hard fact that, unless we wish to become Germans ourselves, we are responsible for what happens to these people who are both in and on our hands. "To look at these Germans," says an American officer, "and at the same time read scare stories about 'German starvation' is embittering. After all a good many thousands of persons pulled through years in concentration camps on a diet of thin soup." Of course they did. But unless we are prepared, as Americans, to reduce ourselves to the moral level of the Germans and their concentration camps, there is no alternative but to accept the fact that in governing Germany we are not running a concentration camp. We hold each German individually guilty for having allowed concentration camps to exist and for having thrived while Europe suffered. The responsibility of the individual for acts performed by him or in his name is the basis upon which western civilization is built. This same responsibility governs us—and that part of Germany which we now run.

Berlin butt biz buzzes

SINCE a pack of American cigarettes is worth \$10 on the Berlin black market, it is not surprising that discarded butts also have a value in Germany. The collecting, processing and reselling of these butts is, in fact, a preoccupation of serious importance to Germans.

Each evening at the station of the Armed Forces Network which is called "Frankfurt" but is at Höchst, the barber, who speaks "French" but is German, used to go on a scavenging expedition when he was finished trimming hair. As a scavenger Fritz set a new standard in politeness that was a source of constant amusement to Captain Frank Danzig, the former station manager, who bore with Fritz in much the same way that other people bear with an overly polite child to whom they feed candy but whom they would really like to spank.

After Fritz had swept away the hair on the floor and replaced his scissors and comb in the little black handbag that he carried, he moved catlike into the captain's office. As Captain Danzig, like everyone else in radio, was always on the phone calling distances never under 500 miles, Fritz tiptoed up to his desk and purred politely, "Permettez." This succulent morsel of French had become such a routine evening snack between Captain Danzig and Fritz that the American knew precisely to what the German was referring. He therefore responded with a "oui" and Fritz proceeded to scoop up every cigarette butt in sight. After he had emptied the ash trays, the trashbasket and searched, with his hands, under the legs of the desk, he placed the butts in the little tin box, which he carried for this purpose, and, with a final "merci," tiptoed out. A moment later the unmistakable accent of Fritz was heard in the next office down the hall as he purred, "Permettez."

A cigarette butt in German is a *stummel*. *Stummel-ing* is for many Germans a major business. I am not, when I say this, trying to be

facetious. Collecting *stummels* in the Bicycle Age in Germany is a very serious way of making a living—if you happen to be German. Each butt has a definite value, depending naturally upon its size. A discarded cigaret that has not been burned is worth 8 marks (80¢). If half-burned its value is reduced but considerable: 1 mark or 10¢. The smallest *stummel* is worth 30 pfennings or 3¢.

In Berlin particularly the business of collecting and processing these butts is organized. As *Variety* might put it: **BERLIN BUTT BIZ BUZZES**. Schoolchildren, working after class, collect butts for their parents or for the combine for which they work. Children will sometimes follow a soldier smoking a cigaret for blocks in the hope that they can be in on the discard. The most favored collectors, however, are not children or even subway employees who sweep the tracks and platforms for butts, but the waiters in cafes frequented by Allied troops. A study, seriously made at several cafes on the Kurfürstendamm, revealed that no ash tray containing a butt remained on a table for more than 45 seconds before the waiter scooped it up. Sometimes the operators, for whom the waiters work, resell the tobacco by the can. A single small can costs up to 120 marks (\$12). One Berlin *stummelmann*, shrewder than the rest, got even higher prices for a time by pasting labels on the cans. The labels read, "Imported American Tobacco."

Night descends on Germany

THE MOOD of Germany in defeat is reflected in the nocturnal habits of our subjects. In the summer months they sat listlessly, rarely conversing, in twos and threes on the benches in the parks. In winter they sat listlessly at home. A spirit of resignation is reflected in the great increase in fortunetelling. "More and more people," says a burgomaster, "are putting their fate in the hands of fortune-tellers. In Erding a dairy hand set himself up as a fortune-teller. He had 70 customers the first evening." The troops of all four occupying powers have been struck by the "docility" of the population—in keeping with the German tendency to scrape in defeat and bully in victory. Householders ordered out of their homes on 3 to 48 hours' notice oblige to the extent of helping their conquerors move the furniture and apologize for a wall cracked by bomb blast or the failure of a radiator to work for lack of furnace fuel. Those Germans working as servants to the occupiers can't do enough. American troops are supposed to carry arms in public. After V-E Day and for several weeks, everyone did. Then, when the docility of the natives became apparent, pistols and carbines were put on the shelf.

Now pistols and carbines are being taken down again. Our subjects, restless and resentful, are beginning to stir. In Berlin, in particular, there have been occasional shots at night (not all by Germans). A few cafes, movie houses and the Scala vaudeville open in the late afternoon and close by 9 or 10. There are two nightclubs, the Femina and the neon-lighted Monte Carlo. The cover charge is only a few cents but a bottle of cognac at the Monte Carlo costs \$60 to \$70 in occupation marks. That is not saying much, because the Germans and Americans and other Allied soldiers who spend that sum can recoup it in black-market dealings the next day.

At the Femina there is a quiet floor show and a good jazz band. Mostly there are American and British officers and men alone, or with nurses, Wacs or fraulein dates. A few of the girls have up-swept hair and silver foxes strangling their necks, but to imagine that the Femina is a newer Babylon is to miss the point. Eight MPs keep law and order in the place, and the Femina shuts down at 9:30 p.m.

Seven girls sit on high stools behind the bar, "pouring" out drinks that have to be rediscovered with a microscope. A few sips of "Mocha Brandy" costs \$3.90. "Strawberry Wine" cocktail costs \$1.70. It is the least expensive refreshment in the house.

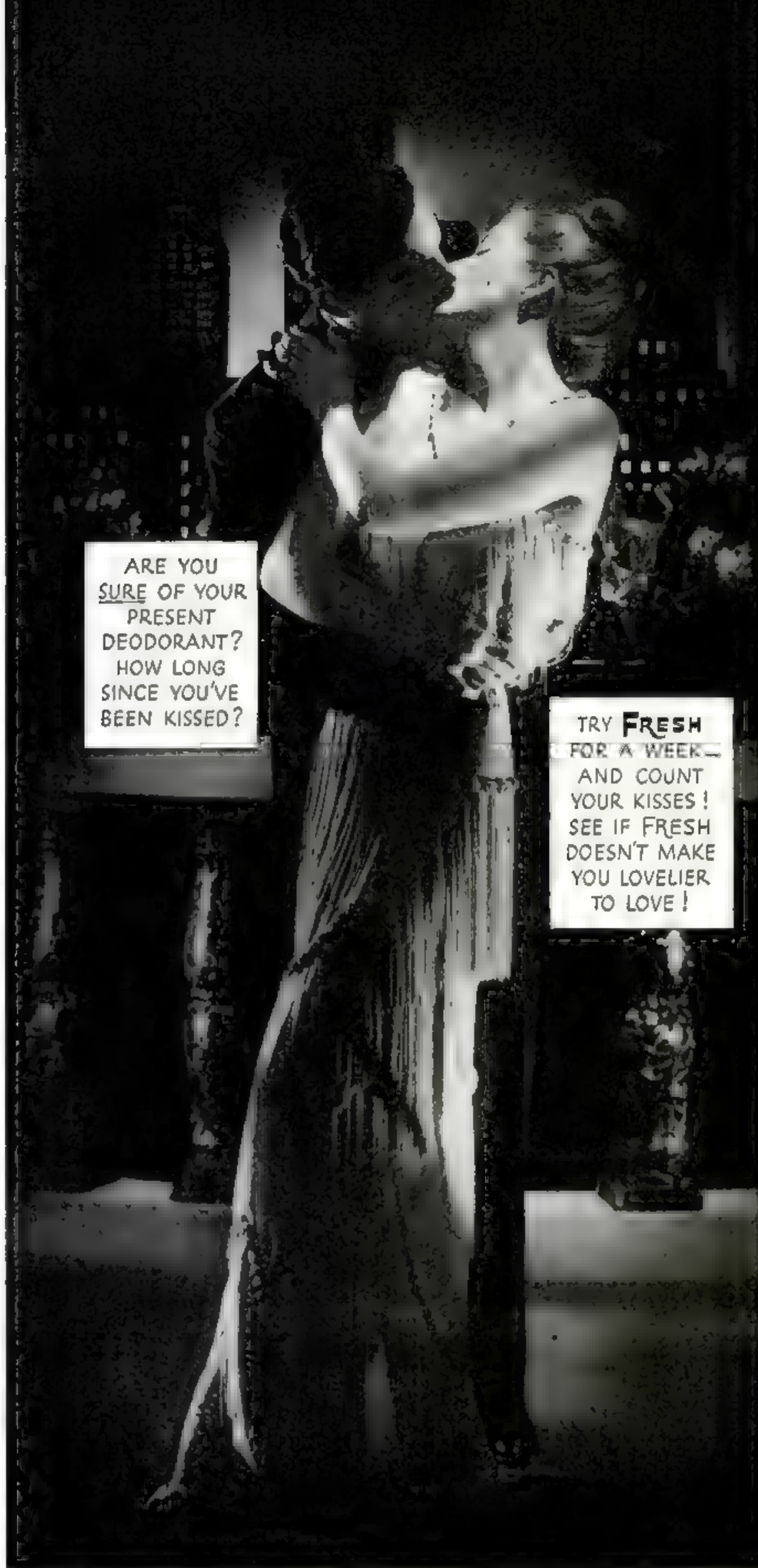
Sometimes after closing time there is a little unscheduled activity in the pitch-black streets around the Femina. I know, because the last time I left there a German, hiding in a darkened ruin, threw a rock through the right front window of the car.

New schools for very sour "Krauts"

THERE IS REASON to believe that many living Germans are "beyond hope." There is no doubt also that among the 2,000,000 children of school age in America's Germany there are some very sour "Krauts."

The kids are in a muddle. They find themselves holding on to a multitude of Nazi beliefs which were drummed into them, and now the activities for which they felt they were trained—soldiering,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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Fresh stays smooth...never sticky or gritty...doesn't dry out in the jar.



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Rich, super-soaking lather

Rich, easy-lathering Williams soaks toughest whiskers completely soft. It helps you get close, clean shaves without razor pull or scrape . . . leaves your face feeling smooth and easy.

Discover the difference Williams can make in shaving. Pick up a tube today.



AMERICA'S GERMANY CONTINUED

Hitler Youth leadership, Nazi politics—no longer exist. Obviously within the space of a few school months there has not been time for Military Government, working through selected German teachers and books, to convert the kids to a new series of ideals and ambitions more in keeping with the realities of German life in the Bicycle Age. The start made by the Education Division of Military Government has, however, been solid. The first earth has been turned by way of preparing German schoolchildren for an acceptance of democratic beliefs. No matter how pessimistic one may feel concerning the chances of 'teen agers accepting this new orientation, it is more desirable to have them back in school studying non-Nazi, though imperfect, texts under non-Nazi teachers whose worst fault at present is their indifference, than to have these children loitering dangerously on the streets.

The goal, of course, is to rebuild the German educational system from the boiler room up so that as quickly as possible democratically minded German teachers will be educating students to the value of a more cooperative way of life. As Germany has been the least cooperative of all nations, the task is sizable. To achieve it is one of the prime purposes of the occupation. If it is successful, German thinking will be revolutionized to the extent that for the first time in 80 years Germans may become a people fit to live at peace with the rest of the world.

Three milestones have already been passed along this long, uncharted road. The first mile was a hard push: to find suitable non-Nazi texts (but in the German language) quickly. The second mile was another hard push: to reopen the schools by fall, although American educators had only the summer months in which to work—and often hostility with which to contend. The third mile was no breather either: to throw out the Nazi teachers and still have enough politically reliable teachers on hand to instruct the classes due to begin. To have accomplished most of this between V-E Day and Oct. 1 is a record of which Americans should be proud.

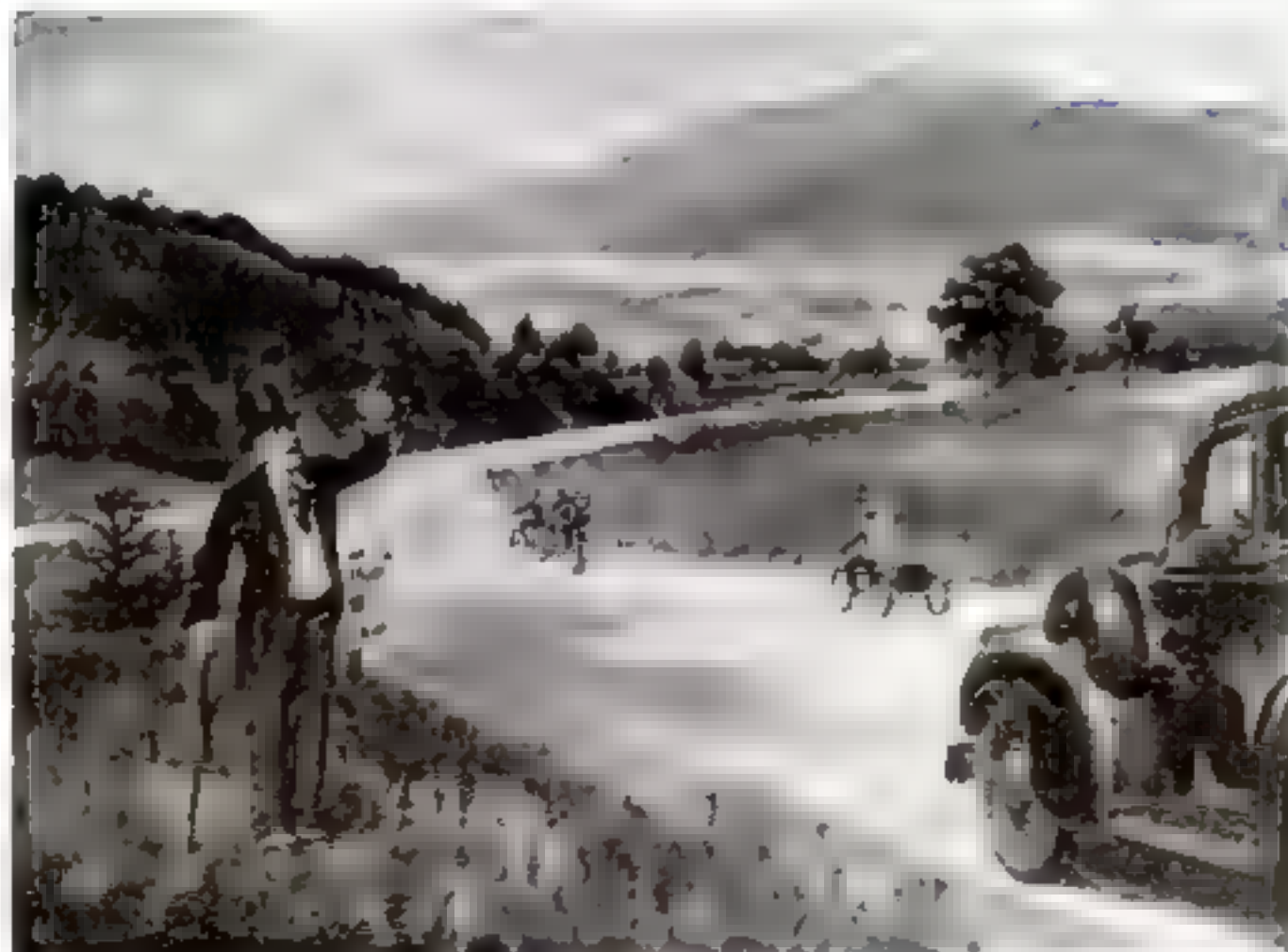
The "new" German texts in use in the schools are far from perfect. German educators are therefore being encouraged to write new and up-to-date texts with a suitable democratic orientation, and when such manuscripts become available, Military Government plans to have the local German authorities produce and distribute them.

Finding suitable teachers to serve in this same period of transition has been another problem. Few non-Nazi teachers existed in Germany after twelve years. The de-Nazifying of the German schools had by November resulted in the dropping of 70% of all the former teachers in America's Germany.

Meanwhile, on the bookshelves of German homes and stores, "something new has been added"—and much more has been taken away. *Mein Kampf* and every other Nazi book and pamphlet are verboten. Householders may possess them (we are searching homes for firearms but not books), but bookstores may no longer sell them and libraries may no longer carry them. As Nazi influence colored nearly every field of thought, almost every book, pamphlet, magazine, play, film, newspaper and tract printed in Germany during a period of 12 years has had to be banned.

As a result bookstores are half empty and booksellers have been ransacking attics for classics, truly scientific treatises, atlases, almanacs and even cookbooks. The authors formerly banned are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110



TOP-HATTED GERMAN, in cutaway and spats, tries to hail a lift on autobahn near Kassel so that he can get to his son's wedding several miles away.



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AMERICA'S GERMANY CONTINUED

now best-sellers: Thomas Mann, Jack London, Theodore Dreiser. All told, the works of 2,200 authors, not all necessarily Nazis, have been barred. Similarly in the field of music all German marching songs, the Nazi *Horst Wessel Lied* and *The Watch on the Rhine* are banned, and compositions by composers previously taboo, like Mendelssohn, Tchaikovsky, Offenbach and Shostakovich are now in vogue.

Eventually book publishing will undergo the same transition as the press with the conditional licensing of enough German publishers to give Germans new reading matter. Several church groups have been licensed to publish Bibles and catechisms, and the first conditional license to publish nonreligious books was granted to a Heidelberg publisher whose anti-Nazi background is beyond dispute. His first titles are translations of Emerson's essays, Franklin's *Autobiography* and Poe's *The Gold-Bug*.

Justice to a hair

THE FRAULEINS are called "furlines" or "fraternazis" by American troops. A man going out tells his roommates, "I'm goin' frattin'." The number of men who have fallen into the "furline" habit can only be guessed. My own estimate, based on six months of travel around Germany, would be that 60% of the men in some units, 10% of the men in other units fraternize.

From their Yankee boyfriends the girls have picked up extra food, cigarets, a few illegitimate children and an increasing amount of slang. A girl with whom Americans associate is likely to look at the snowy weather and say, "It's rugged." If kidded, she may come back with the familiar "Straighten up there, pilot, and fly her right."

Fraternization, far from having become a dead issue, is today more complicated than ever. This is due to the appearance on the scene of the German male. Last summer young German men were mostly locked up as PWs. But now they are returning to civilian life and they do not like to see their girls consorting with their conquerors. Their anger is taken out chiefly against the girls, some of whom have been beaten up by their countrymen or have received threats or have had their heads shaved. A typical antifraternalization poster, addressed to "GERMAN WOMEN!" and put up in one night by boys as young as 12, said:

What German women and girls do,
Makes a man weep, not laugh.
One bar of chocolate only or one piece of gum
Gives her the name German whore. . . .

When such a woman should desire a German husband,
She should go to hell.
The devil does not want such creatures and will
Throw them on the dung, thinking,
"Dirt belongs to dirt."

There is more at stake here than the mere question of how Germans react to the sight of Americans with German girls. The significance was aptly expressed by a girl whose name appeared on a poster and who told me later, "The fellow who made up this poster must have been a great Nazi, perhaps a jilted man or married guy. In any case he hasn't realized that times have changed." That is the point. The extent to which German men accept "fratting" is the thermometer which registers the degree to which they accept defeat, contain their national pride and look forward to a new and more congenial way of life. Obviously the sight of a German woman with an American conqueror enrages an "unreconstructed" German more than a German who is anxious to cooperate with us.

There is also a democratic right of some significance at stake. However sordid love over a chocolate bar and box of salt-water taffy may be, it does represent the right of two human beings freely to pick their own associates. This inalienable democratic freedom has perhaps never been more precisely expressed than by a former lawyer, a Captain Rutherford, who served as U.S. legal officer in Heidelberg. It was before Captain Rutherford that the first trial of a young German boy, accused of clipping the hair of a fraternizing "furline," was held in America's Germany.

The accused was 20; he had just been discharged from a prisoner cage and he was standing in the railroad station at Heidelberg watching a fraulein and her sister talking to a GI. As he watched, his resentment mounted. When the American left he rushed over to the fraulein, seized her and, with a pair of nail scissors, began to cut off her hair. Her sister, terrified, ran out of the station to call the American MPs. Meanwhile, embarrassed possibly by the

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After all, it's your car to protect. So you remind him. Get RAIN-MASTERS... patented features... original equipment on many makes of high grade cars and trucks... used in war—on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too... because ANCO RAIN-MASTERS clean quicker, clean cleaner... last longer. May save you a costly smashup. Ask for RAIN-MASTER Windshield Wiper Arms and Blades next time you buy gas.

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Before all important dates, business and social, give yourself a Pompeian pep massage. After shaving, smooth on that pink cream and massage. See—it rolls off a dirt grey. Your face feels clean—invigorated. It only took a jiffy!

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MILK MASSAGE CREAM



A VENGEFUL GERMAN, lurking in the ruins by the Femina nightclub in Berlin, hurls rock into window of U.S. car. Episodes like this are on increase.

AMERICA'S GERMANY CONTINUED

screams of his struggling victim, the young ex-soldier stopped cutting the girl's hair in so public a place and gave her instead ten minutes in which to go and cut it off herself. Before she could either succumb to or further defy his threat her sister returned with the MPs and the German was arrested.

Captain Rutherford heard this evidence. Then he turned to the accused standing before him and in a quiet voice passed judgment on the first case of its kind to be tried in America's Germany.

"We Americans," he said, "believe that every individual has the right to pick his own associates. In seizing this girl and then cutting off some of her hair and ordering her to cut off the rest you were trying to take away this freedom from her."

"Frankly, in deciding now how to punish you, I have no precedent to guide me. But I take the view that had your plan succeeded, this girl would today be hairless. I have therefore asked several of your fellow-German women how long it would take them to grow back their hair if their heads were shaved. The answers they gave average out to nine months. I am therefore sentencing you to jail for nine months."

GIs look at Germans

THE REACTION of our troops to Germany is clear and definite. The majority do not like Krauts. But they prefer them to many Europeans they have met. A preference assumes that some other people are detrimentally involved. These people are unfortunately and chiefly the French. Thus the GI reaction to Germany can be put this way: He likes Germany because he does not like France.

To understand this, it is necessary to remember that the GI believes what he sees. He is not an "intellectual." He is not an "analyst." If he feels uncomfortable and finds that he gets this feeling while he is in France, he takes it out on the French. He does not ask why or whether his reaction is "fair." When he is comfortable and finds that he has this better feeling in a place called Germany, he chalks one up for the Krauts. He does not ask whether the comforts of Germany have anything to do with the discomforts of France.

Most Americans who have been stationed in Germany during this past year first fought through or were stationed in Belgium and France. Aside from Paris and the rest centers of the Riviera, most GIs did not like France at all. Especially in eastern France, where the wars, because of the Germans, are fought, most villages compare unfavorably with Tobacco Road. This was war. But to the average GI this was also "France." The "40 and 8" was French. The mud was "French." The rain was "French." All he believed was what he saw, all that he saw was undeniably "French" and he did not like it.

When the GI, therefore, hit Germany what did he see and how did he react? He saw a country which, in comparison with his view of France, was "spick-and-span." He found people living in ruins but trying hard to appear clean. He himself moved into the very best houses and apartments. He was out of the mud which he had associated with France and in a clean bed which he immediately associated with Germany. He smelled less manure in the countryside and found more sidewalks in the cities. As the highest praise

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

Dick Powell, star of RKO's "Cornered" and the

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just adds hot water...

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YOU'LL BE DELIGHTED, TOO! For Nescafé offers you the *peak* in coffee enjoyment... because Nestlé's knows *the way* to give you *all the flavor—all the lift—* of really fine coffee! First, we make an extract of choice coffees fresh from the roaster—*then instantly seal in the wonderful flavor!* To release this flavor, simply put

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★ **CAN'T GET IT?** Well, honestly, the demand fooled us, too... but we're stepping up production as fast as we can. In the meantime, if you can't buy Nescafé, may we ask your patience, please?

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AMERICA'S GERMANY CONTINUED

that most Americans feel like bestowing on anything foreign is, "It's clean!" he was surprised and pleased with Germany's physical plant.

As he sat over his coffee (and complained about the British sitting over their tea), an American in Germany could ponder also about the "industriousness" of the natives. That the Germans like to work even more than we is a phenomenon that has struck everyone. Mop in hand, Brünnhilde is content. Shovel in hand, Siegfried, if not content, is at least no longer forlorn. Americans, who like hard work, have a tendency to respect the even harder-working Germans.

Finally, there is a "reserve" about the Teuton that appeals to many Americans because it parallels their own. Unlike the French, Germans are not excitable (except when they blow up the civilized world). Neither do they shout or shriek (except when a Hitler tells them to). Also soldiers with "furlines" sometimes get a sharp "no." "That," says some men, "makes us respect the frauleins more than the 'madam-moysels.'"

It is possible as new and green replacements arrive direct from the States that they will like Germany less. Normally the worry is that these troops, having never "seen the war," will be even more sociable with the Germans. But since these troops will be arriving direct from the clean bathrooms of America, the parkways and the neon-lighted hamburger joints, I suspect that they will not like Germany or the Germans at all. For the comparison in their minds will not be between Germany and France but between Germany and the U.S. And in that comparison there need never be a fear.

The forest from the trees

THE AMERICANS occupying Germany have all the weaknesses of Americans everywhere—but also all the strengths. They are the same people, and in the upper brackets many of the same faces, who won their share of the war and do not propose to lose their share of the peace. Within one year, working from scratch, in a sea of ruins, in an enemy country, with a strange language, and with only the failure of 1918-1933 to guide them, these Americans have prevented mass starvation, epidemics and serious unrest. They have reopened the schools and brought some slight order, when possible, to industrial chaos. They have de-Nazified America's Germany, helped by a strong wind of criticism, to a tremendous extent; given German agriculture a sound basis for future crops; guarded, sorted and begun to return the largest mix-up of art and treasure in history; supervised the commencement of local, county and provincial self-government; reintroduced a better standard of justice and a freer press than the Germans have known for a long time; and despite criticism (sometimes justified) returned 5,451,000 displaced persons to their own frontiers. This number, representing five-sixths of the total DP's, were returned within five months after V-E Day. This was six months ahead of the most optimistic schedule. Much remains to be done. But it is always a sound point to remember that after 1919 it took Hitler 14 years to plant the tree of Nazism in Germany, that after 1939 it took six years for the Allied world to chop it down, and that it will now take an even longer time to dig out the roots.



FRITZ, THE BARBER, hunts for discarded cigaret butts every evening by desk of Captain Danzig, former head of American-operated Radio Frankfurt.

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• Of course, you can't yet buy Websters everywhere. Fact is, so many want so many and we make so few—only 75,000,000 this year. But more and more Websters are on the way—and soon you will get this 100%o-Havana-filled, luxury cigar wherever fine tobaccos are sold.

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... the ready-to-serve Martini that tastes *daisy-fresh*. Just stir with ice



66 PROOF



TWO FRENCH POLICE AGENTS STAND, WITH PISTOLS POISED, IN THE HALLWAY OF A HOUSE AND TENSELY LOOK FOR GOMER BLACKBURN, WHO HAS FLED UPSTAIRS

PARIS GUNPLAY

Three GI jailbreakers are caught after wild chase in the streets

One morning recently Privates Lee, Blackburn and Jones of the U. S. Army were strolling down the Rue Reaumur in Paris. Two weeks before, they had escaped from prison to which they had been confined for a murder and two robberies. Then they swore "to kill every goddamn MP who sticks his nose out on the streets of Paris." Now Lee himself was amiably disguised in the white belt and helmet of an MP. Jones was swinging a mandolin.

Suddenly they recognized a French detective,

blasted at him with their pistols in a crowded street. Immediately real MPs, CID and French plain-clothesmen, who had been tipped off and were hiding nearby, opened up. The trio fled.

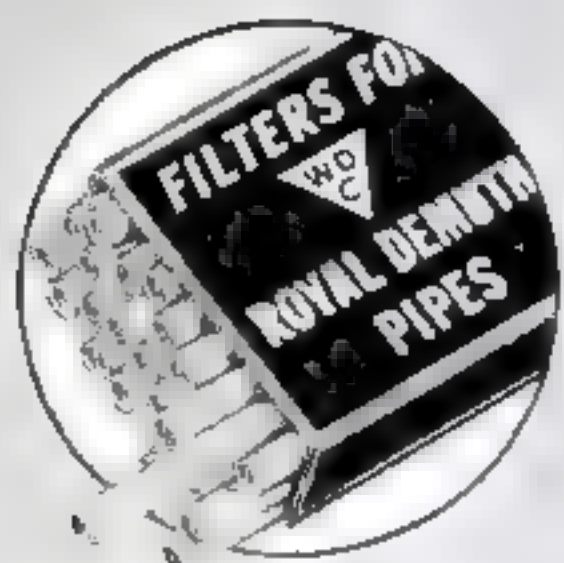
Blackburn was caught on the top floor of a house after emptying his pistol at the police. Jones was trapped three blocks away. Lee was finally overpowered in a yard. Although a pedestrian was killed, Parisians raced along with the police, gaily nicknamed their city "Chicago sur Seine."



GOMER BLACKBURN, in manacles, is taken away by agents after he had tried to fight it out with a pistol. He had originally been imprisoned for armed robbery.



MP WAITS TO FIRE from a doorway at "Eddy" Jones, who has fled down the street. Civilians enjoyed the excitement, later called it "a real scene from *Scarface*."



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DEMUTH**

*cools the smoke as it
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*- makes pipe
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The absorbent cellophane wrapped filter is changeable! When stained from tars and nicotine, insert a new one.

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PISTOL IN HAND, a French police agent chases Lee over the rooftops after he had been flushed from an upper-story window behind which he had hidden.



SUBMACHINE GUN IN HAND, French detective scans the roofs for Lee. Chase occurred in heart of newspaper district, giving photographers a natural.

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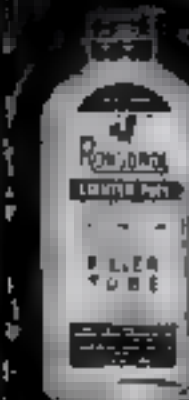
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*Shirt patented, name registered; both are property of Hollywood Rogue Sportswear.



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By RONSON

Makers of World's Greatest Lighter

Yes - there is a difference!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

I can't bear to leave him even if he is a monster because sometimes he is Andre—
 and he still kisses me sometimes And to the end I never knew that it was
 not love but murder when I lay beside me I have
 only one memory — the memory of
 being loved A glint of evil
 touched his boyish smile
 He was meant to dance,
 to love—not to kill I remem-
 bered him as something
 wonderful but mad
 We lived together as
 though we were two
 people alone on the moon
 His eyes
 were the eyes of a lover who was a rose — a
 dream—a thing of smoke and magic He
 begged me to leave him and save myself from
 his madness There were nights of violence
 screams and sobs I know he will kill me
 because that's what his madness means



BEN HECHT'S *Specter of the Rose*

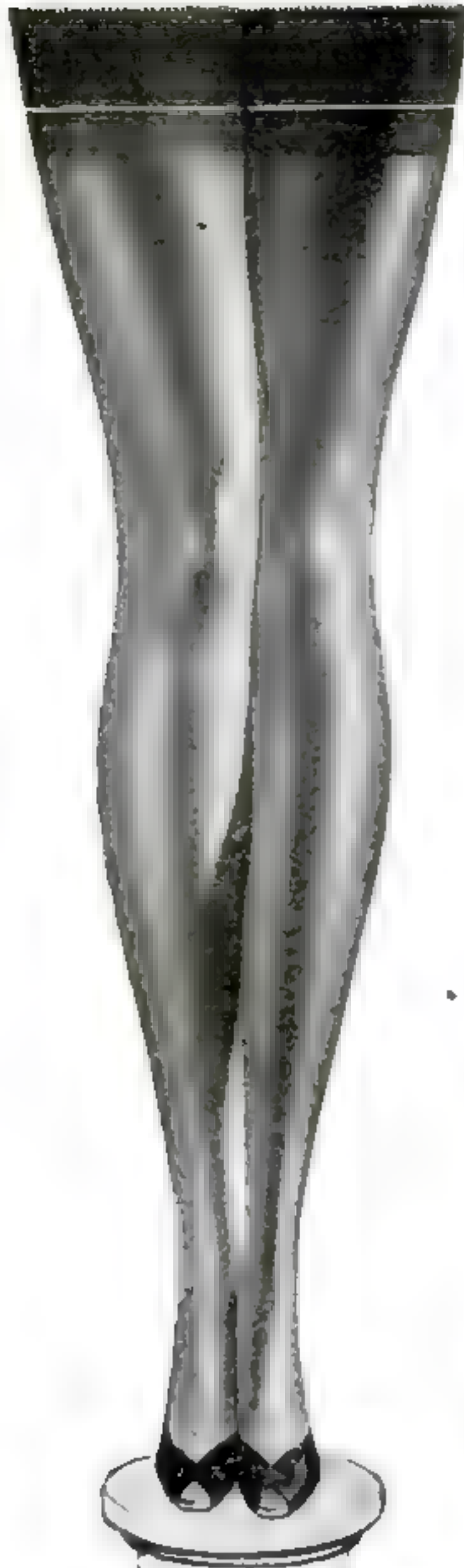
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 "NOTHING SACRED", "SCARFACE", "VIVA VILLA"
 and other never-to-be-forgotten motion picture entertainments
 Co-Producer-Director and Director of Photography — Lee Garmes
 Musical Score—GEORGE ANTHEIL • Choreography—TAMARA GEVA



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U.S. CID AGENT runs down Rue St. Joseph after pack of MPs and spectators who are chasing Jones. Parisians said it was noisiest day since Liberation.



EDDY JONES who was originally arrested for killing an Army courier, is hand-cuffed and hauled off. Jones wounded a police agent (left background).

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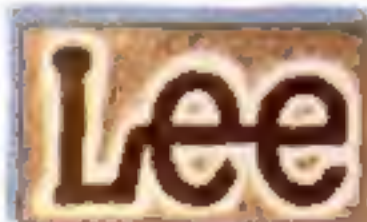
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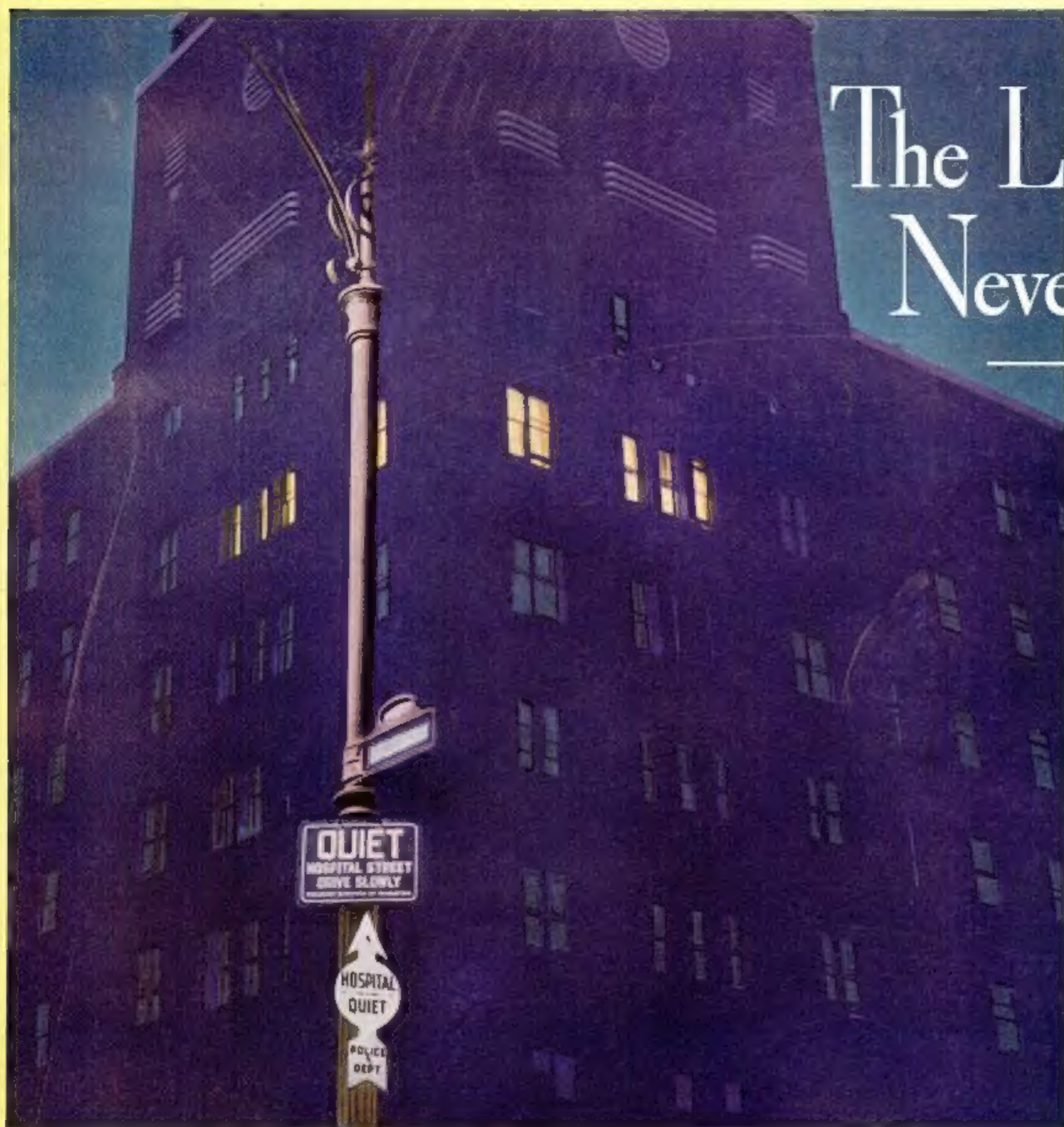
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